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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

No fighting of any importance has taken place in Manchuria during the week and it may be taken that the Russian army has escaped and is being restored to order. It seems to be decided that General Kuropatkin will take the first Manchurian army. General Linievitch has with him more than 200,000 men, and one of his despatches suggests an intention to make another stand. He will be unwise to think of that yet. The Japanese have exceeded even their usual reticence. No detailed account has yet been received of the occupation of Tieling at the end of last week; and of the subsequent operations we have only had the hazy names of the positions which the pursuing Japanese have successively occupied. On Thursday they were at Chang-tu-fu, twenty miles north of Kai-yuan, the first stopping place north of Tieling, and their cavalry have been in touch with the Russians, but it is improbable that they will be able to force another battle while the thaw continues.

The new Minister of the Interior, M. Buliguine, has been showing great activity in promoting the policy of the rescript of 3 March. Yesterday he received a deputation from the Zemstvos, who had met on the previous day and agreed unanimously on a scheme of franchise and municipal government. But the importance of the deputation consists in the association of the marshals of the nobility with the people over whom they preside; and this association is the best proof we have that no revolutionary programme is supported. In a few days is expected the publication of the terms of reference of M. Buliguine's commission on the whole franchise question; and the Russian press is already making suggestions as to the minimum of "representation", whatever that may mean, which will

be acceptable. The "Novoe Vremya" suggests that the ownership of 300 versts of land or its equivalent might be accepted as a franchise qualification.

At Livonia the peasants have committed a succession of outrages against the landed proprietors and seem especially to have delighted in the destruction of trees. Their anger, it is specifically stated in this report, is spurred by the notion that their landlords were members of a conspiracy to harass the Tsar in his work for the good of the country. We know that revolutionary pamphlets have been distributed among the peasants impressing this motive; and the ringleaders are trying to promote revolution by urging the peasantry to rise in support of the Tsar's prerogative. On the whole the country is quieter. The throwing of a bomb into a body of troops at Warsaw and a gross excess of severity by the police at Dvinsk are the only outrages reported, though the state of disorder in the Caucasus is still a cause of apprehension.

The new Russian Minister of Finance has rather given himself away. Drawn by an attempted exposure of the emptiness of Russian finance he invites the "Times", accompanied by financial assessors, to come over to S. Petersburg and see for themselves the reserve bullion. The "Times"—experts in "independent investigation" only on the advertisement side—refuses with a snub: "Directors of newspapers do not do this sort of thing." The Finance Minister courted the rebuff. It is the duty of a man in such a position to know his ground, and he has fallen into the error which dies hard on the continent that the "Times" is a semi-official organ and still representative of the force of public opinion. It is of course nothing of the sort. But the continuance of this opinion on the continent makes the judgment of the "Times" on international questions a continual menace. It has the power to promote good understanding, and it is a lamentable thing that at least in reference to Germany and Russia, which most matter, it indulges perpetually in hysterical prejudice. The paper ought to be bound over to keep the peace.

Before starting on his holiday on Thursday morning, the Kaiser delivered a speech at Bremen. The speech

was such as no one else in the world could have made. Its theme was the triumph in spite of intense opposition of the Kaiser's own continuous demand for a powerful navy, which he claimed as an agent of peace and a prop of national dignity. It is easy to scoff at the egoism and the patriotism of the Kaiser's oratory. But the speech is the product of a nation in vigorous youth. No man or nation could stand up and say with simple conviction "we are the salt of the earth", unconscious of any particular audacity in the claim, unless under the stimulus of driving vitality. One would have liked a little more reticence, though probably the excesses are emphasised in the abbreviated form in which the speech has been telegraphed. But the Kaiser can speak grandly, and yet avoid flapdoodle.

The announcement that the Emperor intends to visit Tangier in the course of his holiday journey to the Mediterranean nearly coincided with the crisis in the French negotiations with the Sultan of Morocco. Some diplomatic intuition may lie in the pat arrangement of the coincidence. The interests of Germany in Morocco are great. Her commercial energy has been nowhere more conspicuous, except perhaps in Turkey; and indeed she may claim to have a particular power generally with Sultans. She would as soon penetrate a French province as a Moorish, but France must give all liberty to German commerce. The Kaiser's visit, so far as it has political intention, is more likely to suggest to the Moors a friendly backing than a contrary intrigue.

Morocco has been fatal to many diplomatists and it is not improbable that M. René Taillandier, who has now unfolded to the Sultan the French proposals, will be among the failures. The nature of the proposals, in which the only definite change reported is the maintenance of a military police in the border towns, is of less account than the feeling of the Sultan's subjects towards any change. The anti-foreign feeling is strong and the chiefs are well aware of the advantage to be sucked from a weak central authority. So far the French Ambassador's suggestions have not been discussed in detail, though M. Delcassé has issued an official notice to the effect that they "produced a very favourable impression". So did many English proposals—on the Sultan. But the Sultan is not Morocco. He is, to give one instance, as devoted to the motor-car as his subjects are hostile.

Constitutional government in Austria-Hungary is at a standstill, and there is no hint of a resumption of government. Count Andrassy, the last refuge, has refused point blank to form a cabinet and the King is equally determined not to grant him the concessions which he demanded. They would indeed involve the breaking of the oath which he made at his coronation to observe the constitution of 1867. A coalition cabinet is thus declared impossible and Count Tisza refuses to go on taking parliamentary responsibility. For the moment unconstitutional monarchy is the only alternative. What may issue from the attempt to force good government on Hungary, even Hungarians do not like to prophesy.

The brief abstract of the Indian accounts communicated by the India Office shows that the series of prosperity budgets which have signalised Lord Curzon's administration remains unbroken. The surplus for the year now ending, estimated at well under a million sterling, turns out to be nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions. Though the expenditure under certain heads has increased by almost two millions, the income has exceeded the forecast by over $4\frac{1}{2}$. The increase is distributed over nearly all the principal heads of revenue, being greatest under railways, opium and Customs, the first and the last giving clear indication of conditions usually associated with national prosperity. The only important decrease is under land revenue, suggestive of timely postponements and remissions due to some local failure of monsoon rains and injury to crops from the phenomenal cold which has characterised the late winter months. It may be hailed, if this is so, as a

sign of the "elasticity" which it has long been an object to import into the land revenue system.

The Tibet Mission, with the Boundary Commission in quarters so far removed from it as Aden and Seistan, accounting for nearly half a million, gives an idea of the far-reaching spheres of activity occupied by the Indian army, and justifies the expenditure of over another million upon its reorganisation and rearment in pursuance of Lord Kitchener's reforms. That the internal administration is not neglected is testified by the absorption of a larger sum in the provincial balances. For the coming year important remissions of taxation are provided. Foremost among them stands the salt tax, which alone accounts for £1,220,000—a reduction of no less than 25 per cent., which is open to no objection unless it be the superior claim for remission of the exotic income tax. Other remissions and special grants, notably a large one towards the improvement of the Police Department, bring up the relief to $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and leave the next financial year to close with an estimated balance of a million.

Lord Milner devoted a great part of the second of his farewell speeches, delivered at Pretoria on Wednesday, to a lament over the continued parochialism of South Africa. It is lamentable indeed. Johannesburg hates Pretoria, the population of both towns carp unceasingly at the administration; then by way of further emphasis of racial divergences the Boers refused to come and listen to the speech. And yet few administrators have been more respected by the civil servants; everyone outside clique jealousy has felt enthusiasm over the sum of work done which Lord Milner sketched at Pretoria. The reforms in law and administrative machinery, the energy spent in building railways, the development of agriculture, of industry and education, prove how efficient a form of government is a single administrator. Will there be as much efficiency when his functions are divided off as they will be into Houses of Parliament, county councils and chambers of commerce? In such circumstances one likes better than any sham humility the Ben Jonson note of Lord Milner's epilogue: "By God 'tis good and if you like it you may."

In the debate on the Transvaal contribution Mr. Lyttelton made a little howler, which after a day's verification Sir Edward Reid did not fail to press home. The House rises to a slip of this sort as the pedagogue to a false quantity. Mr. Lyttelton argued that the capitalists who had raised the £10,000,000 would pocket a large profit. He had forgotten that the profits were at the time promised to the Transvaal Government. But the important thing is not what happened to this particular loan but the likelihood of the Transvaal being able eventually to pay the £30,000,000 promised when the English loan of £35,000,000 was raised. Everyone over-estimated the wealth of the country, but the recovery when it began was rapid, and it is more than likely that now everyone equally under-estimates the development. An Opposition speaker had enough faith in democracy to suggest that if representative government were granted, the Transvaal would promptly disclaim the obligation.

It sounds rather ridiculous for a past First Lord to ask why the naval estimates have increased so much in late years, but Lord Spencer probably adopted the rôle of ingénue to give Lord Selborne an opportunity of telling the country how much it has got for its money. The First Lord repudiated the mischievous heresy that the two-power standard was ever intended to apply to France and Russia especially, and reaffirmed the sound doctrine that the standard is meant to secure a margin of safety against the combined battle strength of the two next strongest naval Powers. The position he assumed was not entirely consistent with the Board's admission that in view of changed conditions the fourth cruiser and certain additional destroyers which were to be laid down according to the programme 1904-5 have been postponed.

Germany now possesses more first-class battleships than France, and the United States as many as France, and therefore if Lord Selborne wishes his definition of the two-power standard to be taken as accurate, he will differ sharply from the "Times", which declares that "the fortune of war has affected the balance of naval power appreciably in our favour". The First Lord admitted the new programme to be a small one, and there is some foundation for Lord Goschen's doubt whether one battleship is sufficient to provide against future contingencies. Lord Selborne allowed that he felt more anxiety on the subject of fast modern armoured cruisers than of battleships. Yet he consented to the postponement of the fourth armoured cruiser and the new estimates make provision only for three ships of the class about which he is most anxious.

Lord Selborne's speech was marked by the clearness of expression which has always been a distinguishing feature of his explanatory statements. He has done more than any of his predecessors to keep the country regularly informed of the state of the navy and the requirements of the Service; he has invariably taken the public into his confidence whenever possible and his tenure of office will be remembered not only for the great reforms carried out under his administration but for the better general knowledge of naval matters, mainly brought about by his unceasing endeavours to educate the nation to understand the true duties and functions of the navy and all that depends upon them.

The army contract scandal, as it is already called with charitable anticipation, was very sensibly treated by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Arnold-Forster in Monday's debate. The public is greatly attracted to a scandal; and already much harm has been done by whispered suspicions about firms and officials. So many people have "shrewd suspicions where the leakage occurred", and there is no checking the progress of the confidential rumours. The opportunity for the gossip was supplied by last year's report of the Controller and Auditor-General, which ultimately was proved to be so far justified that a special committee of investigation was appointed in January last to inquire into the South African contracts. Sir William Butler, among the severest of the critics of the war, was appointed chairman and his committee is still sitting.

Vultures will always exist who can sniff a war from afar and contrive to get their pickings. They flourished during the Crimean war and the race is not likely to be extinct. Everyone who knows anything of the methods of supplying stores to garrisons even in peace time is aware of the continued temptation dangled before officers in charge to take more than they want; and if few give way many are hoodwinked. The opportunity in war is greater and scandals must exist; but very serious injustice is being done to some contractors, who were mentioned by name in the Controller and Auditor-General's account, by the suspension of judgment, as well as to officials hinted at. Some unfounded suspicions against certain Canadian firms were bruited two years ago; and it would be well now to withhold any tittle-tattle until Sir William Butler's committee has reported to the Army Council. Mr. Norman, when he asked the question, must have known that so far no one had been punished in connexion with the transactions, and might have held his tongue.

It was bad luck for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, coming back after his illness, to be faced at once by contradictory grounds of offence. On Tuesday his philippic was against obstruction, on Wednesday he was furious for the lack of it; the enemy under their Parthian leader had melted away in the night. Sir Acland Hood first manumitted all Unionists by special act and under suggestion the whole party at once made themselves scarce. After Mr. Balfour with becoming seriousness had urged the propriety of the Government not interfering with private members' motions only Sir Howard Vincent spoke; and but two protectionists stayed to vote, one of them the faithful Sir F. Banbury, the obstructionist. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman could only make parade of his forces, and some of them

too must have slipped away; or does the whole free-trade force only amount to 254? The present design is to repeat his parade on Wednesday till further notice. Mr. Balfour's ingenuity was successful; but is it not possible that later in the constituencies the parade of the enemy will be held up before the ignorant as a great victory, 254 to 2?

Mr. Chamberlain has made something of a pronouncement as to the course tariff-reformers should take at the next election in constituencies where the sitting Unionist member is against tariff reform. A Greenwich Conservative wrote to him, explaining the action of the majority of the members of the local Unionist association who are tariff-reformers, in putting up a candidate of their own against Lord Hugh Cecil. Mr. Chamberlain justifies their action, pointing out that in many elections prominent Unionist free traders had done their utmost to get Unionist electors to vote for the Opposition candidate. In ordinary circumstances Mr. Chamberlain's letter could cause no surprise; but Greenwich is a somewhat exceptional case, for it is understood that the official party managers are supporting Lord Hugh Cecil.

Mr. Chamberlain's exact position is that Unionist tariff-reformers ought to be allowed to take their own course on this vital question, free from external interference. Ultimately, of course, the Unionist party will have to fight out this domestic difference; in other words, the anti-preference group will either have to come into line or leave the party. But this cannot be done while Mr. Balfour persists in his present attitude. As to the personal matter, we should indeed be sorry to lose Lord Hugh Cecil from the House. We are wholly opposed to his fiscal position, but we are at the same time very sensible of the good influence of his personality on public life; and as a leader in Church politics he is essential. But it is not a question of Greenwich or nowhere. Lord Hugh would be more comfortably seated, and more securely, in other, and perhaps more dignified, constituencies than Greenwich.

The debate on the vote for the allowance of £5,000 to Mr. Beck will result, it may be hoped, in more than a general talk about the circumstances of Mr. Beck's imprisonment and the Commission's Report. Nothing much more than the Commission has said can be said. With one exception, if Mr. Akers-Douglas has, as he believes he has, secured that its practical suggestions as to the better organisation of the Home Office, the Public Prosecutor's Office, and the Prisons department have been carried out. But the one exception is the most important. Mr. Asquith's opinion that there should be some form of criminal appeal which goes further than the alteration introduced by the present Bill, making the statement of a case by a judge compulsory, ought to be acted on. The present Home Secretary also is of the same opinion; and therefore the mild proposition of the Commission should not be slavishly followed. Why should Mr. Akers-Douglas not turn the Bill now before Parliament into one which embodies his real views?

It is often said that street-betting men and gambling clubs are blackmailed by the police who connive at them for a consideration. A bookmaker named Curtis has shown this to be true at least in the case of ex-Detective-Inspector McCarthy who, he said, took bribes of money and wine and cigars for shutting his eyes. Curtis made his charges to Scotland Yard and McCarthy was dismissed the force. McCarthy then brought an action for slander against Curtis, and the verdict was against him. Nothing in the way of general corruption amongst the police needs be inferred from this one instance. But it is a good sign that Scotland Yard took prompt action on this occasion in the interests, as Mr. Commissioner Henry said, of the public and the police. Upon it rests the duty of clearing the force of its black sheep.

The colossal scheme of the proposed London and District Electric Power Company has been before a Committee of the House of Lords this week. With an immense capital of five million pounds it proposes to

supply electric power of all kinds within an area on which the administrative County of London is only a patch. It claims that under present conditions cheap supplies of electricity are impossible and are only to be provided on such a scale as it proposes. The plan means the deposition of the present bodies ; and one of the questions to be fought out is whether really the desired cheapness is otherwise impossible. It need hardly be said that the present companies will fight hard against being reduced to the position of mere distributors. But one point of a wider public interest has been raised. That is whether such a monopoly in the largest centre of population in the empire ought to be placed in the hands of private profit-seekers ; and ought not such a scheme, if desirable, to be managed by a public body such as the Water Board. The conditions on Tyneside, where a similar project has been carried out by the promoters of this Bill, are considerably different from those in the London area.

A fortnight ago we called attention to the very disinterested offer which Messrs. Harmsworth were making to the lower form boys of England. Their proposal was that a lad who wanted his money instincts to be developed in good time should set up in business as colporteur, and spend his leisure, not in foolish games or with dull books, but in soliciting orders for the snippet rags of that eminent house. This week we are able to inform our readers that the project has been abandoned. The prospectus of which we presented so full and sympathetic a summary has been withdrawn. In short, the offer is off. The motives that led to this grand renunciation are hidden, but we are at liberty to state the ostensible pretexts, since they are set out in a second circular, not issued, like its predecessor, to the youth of England, but addressed to newsagents all over the country. "In deference to the wishes of the members of the newsagents' trade we have decided to discontinue the supply of our papers to colporteurs in all districts where newsagents' shops are in existence, so as to avoid interference with the business of newsagents", and on this concession to newsagents is founded a seductive plea for further energy in pushing the Harmsworth publications.

"This change is being made entirely in the interests of the newsagents' trade, and I therefore confidently appeal to you to reciprocate by pushing our publications as much as possible." The pretence of business motives is kept up to the very end. The philanthropic cat had very nearly been allowed to escape from the mercantile bag—it was practically confessed that the real object was to benefit the trade—but just in time, with a touch of true moral art, the Manager threw off the happy suggestion that the newsagents might "reciprocate". This circular is dated 14 March. It was on 11 March that we printed the article that first called attention to the "Dear young friend" scheme which has now been extinguished. Strange that a newspaper enterprise should shrivel under publicity.

Mr. Morley unbent at the Queen's Hall on Monday ; for once he left his usual severity, and serenity, of style. Was this a concession to an audience of youths, for he was addressing the "League of Young Liberals"? Mr. Morley does not often indulge in epigram, and still less in tags. But this speech bristled with tags : it might excite the envy, to compare smaller, not to say, small things with great, of one of Mr. Walkley's articles. We had Oliver Cromwell, Sydney Smith, Shakespeare, Pitt, and "a great man", unnamed. But we must say that all Mr. Morley's tags were fresh and exquisitely apposite. Sir Harry Vane's "subtle casuistries and abstruse hair-splitting", and Sydney Smith's Government that had tenacity and vigour in digging its own grave ; these were really as good as could be ; and this "There was the Prime Minister sailing under bare poles, scudding along" ; Mr. Balfour himself must delight in its cleverness. We are the more thankful for Mr. Morley's literary graces that they hide his politics as a climbing rose an ugly house.

THE FAR EASTERN DILEMMA.

THE situation on the defeat and retirement of the Tsar's Manchurian army presents, on the Russian side, perhaps, more than on the other, one of the most complex problems that have ever had to be solved in the annals of warfare. One of the most sanguinary conflicts in history has been waging for more than a twelvemonth. Yet to all intents and purposes neither of the two belligerents is ever likely to reach the other's capital to drive its conquest home and dictate terms of peace. Prospectively the military and financial resources of the two countries are in the same category. Both are invulnerable in spite of the enormous losses suffered on both sides in men and money, and both are prepared to continue the struggle to the end. Japan's 45,000,000 population could if need be supply an army equal in numbers and perhaps superior in efficiency to that of France, or even Germany. Her financial status is higher at this moment than it has ever been before or during the war. Russia's output of fighting material is comparatively exhaustless and, seeing her vast natural resources, half of which have not yet been touched, her credit ought to be sound. The difficulties placed in her way of borrowing in the foreign markets by friends and opponents are obviously the outcome of diplomatic strategy and particularly ill advised in the case of any ally.

The stakes in the final issue of the great duel in Manchuria are of vital consequences to both parties. It is a struggle for supremacy in the Pacific, the centre of present-day international gravity. For Russia to consent to negotiate for peace would be to accept final humiliation. To compare her present position in Manchuria with that of England at the end of the war with America is somewhat beside the mark. Russia is fighting for a seaboard and for a predominant position at the base of her wealthy Eastern possessions. England's conflict with the United States was to maintain her hold on a people she despised, whose nature she failed to read. "A high authority standing behind the Foreign Office at S. Petersburg", we are told, has put the case of Russia in Manchuria into a nutshell, a very small nutshell indeed be it observed. He thus summarises his remarks on the situation : if the Emperor decides on continuing the war he will risk Vladivostok ; if he elects to conclude a premature peace he will risk S. Petersburg. It is natural then that various conflicting rumours of peace overtures, alternating with orders for immediate mobilisation and Russia's determination to continue the struggle to the bitter end, should fill the air and press. It may be that the judgment of the majority both abroad and in Russia is for a speedy cessation of hostilities on the best terms obtainable for Russia. In the first place Russia's navy in its present condition is acknowledged to be no match for that of her adversary, and is not likely for many years to be in a position to contest Japan's right of way in the Pacific. The material for filling up the serious wastage in the Manchurian army is too far away and the means of transport at her disposal too inadequate for timely and efficient renewal of the struggle with Japan, who is meanwhile master of the situation. Russia's internal disorders and the consequent apathy of her people for the issues of a war which they say is but a colonial one, situated too remotely from the heart of the country to be rightfully appreciated, are serious obstacles to mobilisation and recruiting for the army at this juncture. The plan of withdrawing the troops from Manchuria within Russia's frontier and of postponing the renewal of hostilities till preparation on the more efficient scale be complete does not appear to carry general favour. No country can bide her time for expansion or conquest better than Russia. But such patient endurance as we have had examples of in the history of the country has been the outcome of patriotism and staunch loyalty to a national cause. When disintegrated Russia, prostrate under the Tartar yoke, elected to wait for the supreme moment when she could strike a deadly blow at her foe and rose united to shake off her bondage, it was a holy national crusade. Again when Peter the Great, suffering defeat after defeat, postponed the renewal of his

contest with Sweden to prepare his army for victory, it was a struggle for the possession of an entrance into Europe on the borders of the Fatherland. The present campaign, though begun with enthusiasm, has never been in the true sense of the word popular. The seat of the war is too far removed from the centre, and the inconvenience and sufferings endured by the soldiers in transit have left their mark on the popular mind.

The startling revelations of Japan's superior military equipment and thorough preparedness for war on the one hand, and the painful deficiency of Russian organisation for the contest on the other were a sad disappointment to the people. The progress of the war seemed to show that there was little or no hope of gaining a victory, no probability of obtaining any advantages in the end. In the meantime industry and commerce were suffering from the consequences of this war. Disaffection of the people brought on by distrust in the ultimate prospects of this terrible sacrifice of blood and money was at the extreme point. Confidence in the governing classes who had brought on this war was at an end. Everything tended to general apathy and despair in the affairs of the Far East.

On the other hand Russian interests at stake in the prosecution of the war are absolutely vital. Peter the Great was not slow to make a practical application to his own policy of the paradox: the land divides the peoples of the earth, the sea unites them. He realised the paramount importance of uniting Russia's mighty rivers with the open sea as the best means of securing her material resources and of retaining her proper place in political importance among the powers of Europe. What Peter I. worked at all his lifetime to accomplish in the West, his successors have since been struggling to consummate in the East. The fifty million square miles of territory, with its vast resources and wealth of minerals, required greater facilities for outlet in development than the 5,000 miles railway running west was able to promise in the near future. Russia, the mammoth country, needed a winter-open seaboard. Frustrated in her attempts to secure one in Europe, she turned her attention East and here again at the moment when she had almost secured what promised to be for her a second Constantinople, she finds herself baffled and disappointed. The Tsar laid the foundation of the great railway intended to fulfil the cherished aim of his father, to rouse up the dormant condition of the resources of Siberia, to unite West with East by an iron ribbon laid across a whole continent. The Far Eastern borderland was intended for an adjunct to the purpose of this railway. And besides the geographical and commercial considerations involved, Russia's prestige is at stake; her supremacy in Eastern Asia would be doomed by accepting peace without honour. The alternative therefore remains—a lull in the fight by Russia's withdrawal into Siberia. From this point of view there is every incentive for Russia reculer pour mieux sauter. Concentrated within her own border, with all the experience of the incidents of the campaign in her favour, she might remodel her army and prepare for the next trouble on a larger and more efficient scale. Her home quarrels settled, her people propitiated by the introduction of reasonable reform, her flagging industries would revive, agrarian disaffection and strikes in the manufacturing districts disappear. Confidence in the Government at home and in the steady increase of her available resources abroad would tend to strengthen her financial credit in the European market, and help to replenish her exchequer. This improved condition of her affairs would moreover provide her with the sinews of war. Still the end might be as far off as ever. The tides of armed men would flow in and ebb as the two nations' fighting forces fluctuated alternately. Foreign diplomacy alone can end it, when both sides, tired of the struggle, are equally anxious for peace.

MR. MORLEY OR LORD ROSEBERY?

IT was very bad management on the part of the Liberal wire-pullers to allow Mr. Morley and Lord Rosebery to occupy the stage on successive nights. Certainly the entertainment gained much in piquancy by

this arrangement; but both performances were intended to be on behalf of the Liberal party, which must have lost in precise proportion as the audience gained. It was as though one were to organise a two nights variety entertainment on behalf of a charity, and provide a speaker on the second night who gave a contradictory and hostile account of the object of the charity as set forth by the speaker of the first night. The discrepancy might well prove an extra attraction to the spectators but it would hardly gain many subscribers to the charity. It was especially hard on the party managers just now, for Liberals of all shades have lately been so happy basking in the sun of the fiscal question, Roseberyites lying down quietly with C.-B. centre, that the country was beginning to forget the old wranglings, the Chesterfield programme, "methods of barbarism" and all. It began to look as if all the trouble were on the Government side. Now the illusion has been dispelled with an indifference to Liberal interests so delightfully cynical as to suggest the hand of Lord Rosebery. More than once before now has he cut in when another Liberal orator's appearance had been billed. He got in before Mr. Asquith on a famous occasion and partially eclipsed him, and it may be he saw an opportunity of doing the same for Mr. Morley now. If he did, we rather think he missed it. Lord Rosebery will not congratulate himself on giving Mr. Morley the chance of advising young Liberals not to "make up as Unionists". And how is it that young Liberals in particular should believe in Mr. Morley, whose Liberalism is indisputably old? We had the idea that it was Lord Rosebery who fancied himself as the natural leader of Liberal youth. We seem to remember a good many expressions of his, about the time of the founding of the Liberal League, pointing that way. But Lord Rosebery may perhaps say that he is the hero of the really young Liberals while Mr. Morley appeals to those who call themselves young. Certainly the appositeness of the name "young Liberals" to a League which includes Sir Wilfrid Lawson, for instance, is not very striking. No doubt, though not a women's but a men's Liberal society, they found it a delicate business to define the limits of youth. Whatever term they fixed would keep out somebody, so they drew the line nowhere and "young Liberals" include the veterans, evergreen, and so youthful, like their eternal principles. And Mr. Morley, to please everybody, told them that youth was a power and that youth, Liberal youth that is, could not do better than imitate old age.

Certainly there was no suggestion of youthful creativeness in either Mr. Morley's programme or Lord Rosebery's. Of the two Mr. Morley's was the less negative, for it at any rate put forward some great heads of policy, though without exception they were familiar; some of them, according to Lord Rosebery, worn out. Mr. Morley nails his colours to Home Rule for Ireland: he holds now, as he held before, that the Irish sphinx will never get her answer until we grant Ireland Home Rule, much as Mr. Gladstone defined it. If dual government is a curse, united government had not proved an unmixed blessing. He is, also, for universal secular state education. He adheres to his condemnation of the South African war, and we can only infer from his words that he would have this country avoid war at any price. No doubt he would allow us to repel an invasion, if we could; but with the exception of that single event he would apparently condemn the resort to force. On one point we agree with Mr. Morley. It would be better not to disturb the existing Crown Colony administration of the Transvaal, if the colony cannot be trusted with responsible government. Finally Mr. Morley blessed the advent in increased force of Labour members to the House of Commons; though he fore-saw friction between them and the next Liberal Cabinet. He might have gone on to say that he also foresaw the pressing of legislative proposals by these Labour members absolutely incompatible with every principle of Liberalism dear to him and the Liberal saints of old. Mr. Morley is a Manchester schoolman still, and modern trade-unionism and modern Labour policy is the very contradiction of all the Manchester men held dear, with the sole exception of free trade.

When they learn to consider free trade on its merits, unmixed with irrelevant political propaganda, trade-unionists will drop free trade as they have dropped the rest of Cobdenism. They will perceive that they cannot serve collectivism and individualism at the same time. Nor is it as strange as some tariff-reformers seem to think that they have not learned this yet. There are very many Conservative tariff-reformers, reputed educated men, who have no difficulty in backing preferential tariffs on protectionist lines while they preach against collectivism in municipal and labour questions and do not tire of denouncing trade-unions. Why should we expect the trade-union workman to be educated quicker than the middle-class Conservative? We look for the intellectual emancipation of both, when both alike will consistently reject practical embodiments of the philosophy of the old Liberalism. Mr. Morley stands where he ever did, an old Liberal. He has certainly kept the faith, though most happily he has not finished his course. The old watchwords have for him their old efficacy. Political reform is more to him than social reform, a vote is better than bread; pulling down lords and bishops and disestablishing churches is better work than protecting workmen against dangerous trades or developing by State aid the empire's agricultural and industrial resources. The army and navy are at best a necessary evil. A little city that governs itself, no matter how badly, is better than an empire that is governed, no matter how well. This is Liberalism pure, the old brand, and Mr. Morley thinks it fit for young Liberals. Well, we never heard there was any particular danger, as somebody said the other day, in putting old wine into new bottles. Lord Rosebery seems to have found the reverse process less easy. His programme, one of the unauthorised programmes through which, according to Mr. Morley, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is to steer triumphantly, is the rejection of Home Rule for Ireland, the maintenance of the Japanese alliance, the preservation of property, a commission to inquire into South Africa, a colonial conference forbidden to discuss duties on imported food, Lord Kitchener for the War Office, educational equality, and efficiency all round. The practical part of this programme is plainly, what Mr. Morley called it, "making up as Unionists". The remainder is mostly words. Lord Rosebery knows quite well that Lord Kitchener will not go to the War Office, even if Liberals do come into power. He knows too that to cry efficiency is mere electioneering clap-trap. His conception of educational equality is not the same as Mr. Morley's, and his social and industrial programme is collectivist. Only on free trade is he in true agreement with Mr. Morley; which is to say, they agree in their desire to turn out the present Ministry.

So far as policy goes, a Unionist will necessarily prefer Lord Rosebery's régime to Mr. Morley's; but why the country should trouble itself to exchange the hybrid Conservatism of to-day for Lord Rosebery's version of Liberalism is not easy to see. Did the country regard him as a great man of action, it would be intelligible enough. A change of persons may be desirable without any change of policy. But that is just the view the country does not take of Lord Rosebery. It believes in his policy more than it believes in him. That is why with a political apparatus far more in keeping with the times than theirs, Lord Rosebery has yet been beaten by Mr. Morley and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The political view of the Liberal Imperialists was in closer accord with the position of the average British elector than that of any other political group. It was not Liberalism, indeed, neither was it Toryism. It was an opportunism which rejected the three elements in Liberalism the public most disliked,—Home Rule, anti-militarism, and individualism—and took to itself the most popular elements in Conservatism—imperial foreign and colonial policy and social reform by state action. Yet it failed. It failed simply because Lord Rosebery had not the courage of his convictions. The leader of the Liberal Imperialists, he never led them. Had he spoken as plainly about Home Rule two or three years ago as he has during the last ten days, he might have convinced the bulk of his party; whereas now his plain speaking merely puts

them in the power of the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Redmond knows his man. Lord Rosebery might be sent for to form a ministry, but he can never lead the Liberal party, still less the country. The public attitude towards him is the converse of the trooper's attitude to Wellington. He did not like him, but he absolutely believed in him. The public likes Lord Rosebery, but it does not believe in him.

KUROPATKIN AND OYAMA.

THE unceremonious dismissal of Kuropatkin from his command, while still actually at grips with his opponents, has about it a certain disregard for human feeling which will gain him sympathy from all sides. The appointment of Linievitch to succeed him shows an even grosser contempt for the decencies which usually shroud such unpleasant arrangements. Kuropatkin may find what consolation he may from the knowledge that his subordinate only supplants him because no one else cared to take a position which, difficult as the military situation may make it, is almost impossible when the political influences which bear upon it are considered. For a junior to be ordered to supplant a senior in the heat of action is not only an insult to the latter, it is destructive to the confidence and discipline of all ranks, and weakens authority at a moment when everything should be done to strengthen it, unless indeed such heroic measure be too manifestly for the public good to gainsay it. Kuropatkin has indeed already found champions to defend him, but we have not yet heard them advance all that might be said for him. Some have described him as a man of character, one who truckled to no man's rank, and held his own opinions with an honesty and tenacity almost unknown in official Russia, and not easy to find anywhere else. Others have praised his careful thought for the comfort of his men. His personal courage, kindly disposition, and simplicity of manner have made many friends. We have regarded him from another aspect all along, and have been guided in forming the opinion we have of him not only by such sterling qualities as we have enumerated, but by a recollection of what the man has shown himself capable of in great crises that have passed. Kuropatkin was chief of the staff to Skobelev during the war of 1877-78. The right-hand man of that most brilliant leader, he won confidence where confidence was indeed a plant of slow growth. To have served with and come up to the standard of Skobelev is high honour. But Kuropatkin has done more. He has criticised the war of 1877-78 with a sagacity and a nice analysis which no man unendowed with brain power, insight, and knowledge of a very high order indeed could have exhibited. These writings of his are no doubt little known in England; some soldiers may have heard of them, hardly more than a few have probably read them. But they are there, and in considerable bulk too, all the same. They have done much for the Russian army, they have done more for those of other nations who have mentors well equipped and resolute to teach. These writings show Kuropatkin to be a man who thoroughly understands the profession of arms. They exhibit originality, shrewdness, and common-sense in every line, and after he wrote them Kuropatkin became Minister of War, where his thoughts must have been engrossed with subjects demanding a larger horizon than is necessary for criticising campaigns. Since then he has been called upon to lead the Russian armies in the field in circumstances that must have been as embarrassing as possibly any which a leader has ever been called upon to face. Finally a good soldier has met with a crushing reverse. Yet the most difficult operation of war is to extricate a beaten army, and Kuropatkin did that admirably at Liao-yang, and even at Mukden managed to get an orderly start of his opponents, carrying almost all his guns with him. True, it will be argued a good tactician may be a bad strategist, and one cannot defend the strategy which jeopardised the Russian line of retreat in the above-named battles. Tactics however are a general's own, strategy is often the work of his masters. But a man of character will throw up his post before he allows his judgment to be overruled? There is however such

a quality as loyalty, such patience as will strive to make the best of bad, such devotion to duty as will coerce the stoutest heart to bend its will to that of another. We cannot now judge of these things, perhaps we shall not be able to do so till the archives of S. Petersburg give up their dead. We cannot judge a Russian by the standard of this country, but we may extend the sense of fairness to an unfortunate general. And while we do not know the true circumstances of Kuropatkin's case, we would do well to apply to it the experiences we can cull from our own history. Torrington was dishonoured at the moment when he penned that phrase "the fleet in being" which has stamped him famous, and far-seeing. Marlborough's military capacity was decried by not a few and he died disgraced. Wellington would have been dismissed during his early struggles in the Peninsula had a large party in the State been able to translate their opinion into actions. "Such things be", as Nelson too wrote in bitterness, and neither the successful nor the unsuccessful general is proof against the whims or jealousy of courts and council chambers. Perhaps Kuropatkin recalls most nearly the Archduke Charles, whom Napoleon placed perhaps highest amongst his opponents, the general who but for an Aulic Council and disloyal colleagues might have anticipated Waterloo in 1809, but saw a Swartzenberg pluck the laurels he had sown. Unsuccessful Kuropatkin has been, but we cannot yet justly call him incompetent.

On the other hand can we rightly place the successful Oyama in a niche in the Valhalla where are gathered the great captains of history? He has a claim to enter those precincts, but has he an undisputed claim? Again, we cannot as yet answer the question because we cannot yet appreciate the forces with which he had to contend, or the difficulties he had to overcome. But that he had much to aid him which his vanquished opponent had not is certain. What the power of Oyama is at present in Japan is only faintly recognised by us. His word is law where military questions are concerned. The whole resources of his country, money and men alike, are at his beck and call. His choice of action is absolutely free and unfettered, and he can count on unexampled courage from his men, and the most unquestioning loyalty from his colleagues. What such advantages mean we may sum up by the assertion that great success in war has scarcely ever been won save by a dictator, or officer invested for the moment with such immunity from interference and such command of resources as only autocrats can count upon. Cæsar in Gaul was beyond the control of the Senate. Alexander, Frederick, Napoleon could turn the whole powers of the State to their purpose. Moltke was the power behind the throne. Wellington could only stride boldly forward when his patience and success had conquered doubt and criticism and hesitation at home. He created the breeze that at length carried him forward. By men not hampered as was he and many another great captain, who never succeeded in gaining the adequate ascendancy, the task of making war is comparatively easy. An army is created to carry out a distinct and definite end. Strategy and policy grow up hand in hand. The instrument is insensibly adapted to the purpose. The end calls the means into being. The fostering care of a kind of providence diverts the best spirit and brains of an entire population to the object in view. This is the secret of Germany regenerated after Jena, of Japan sprung into the newly discovered intelligence of a youth. The real question is not did Oyama outwit Kuropatkin, but did he make all possible use of the powers at his disposal? Would a great military genius have let anything but a rabble escape from Liao-Yang, would a commander of the highest type have allowed a gun to slip past him at Mukden? It is questions such as these that history will one day deal with. She will weigh in the balance the possibilities as well as the events, and it is by the verdict of carefully balanced opinions, and the relentless testimony of facts now hidden from us that the fame of Oyama will stand or fall.

ADMIRALS OF THE FUTURE.

IT is not often that a blue book contains such valuable and, at the same time, amusing matter on boys and examinations and examiners as the account of the four interview committees which have been held at the Admiralty from February 1904 to February 1905. High Admirals of the Fleet and distinguished captains, headmasters of public schools, and gentlemen of the First Lord's Private Office, give us their experiences face to face with the small candidates of 12·8, as they are quaintly described. We are told what they imagine to be the feelings, or what they observe as to the demeanour of these little chaps, the admirals of the future, in their presence. When the plan was initiated of selecting suitable candidates for Osborne without relying on the most objectionable method of competitive examinations with their cramming accompaniment, it seemed a promising experiment, as we said at the time, and one which might very well be extended in other directions. Amidst the general satisfaction, which is expressed by all the committees that have sat with the method as applied to the selection of naval candidates, the Headmaster of Haileybury, describing this method of examination as the best yet devised in England, observes that it is greatly to be desired that the entrance to the army should be regulated on similar lines. As there is no competitive examination the possibility of cramming is reduced to a considerable extent. Yet the committees have not been quite satisfied on this point. Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Drury speaks of his satisfaction with the system "if precautions are taken in every way to discourage cramming". Mr. Arthur C. Benson thinks it admirably framed to disconcert all attempts at cramming, though he had been amused, he says, to see the transparent devices resorted to for providing the boys with suitable answers to possible questions; and Viscount Helmsley remarks that the attendant evil of the competitive system is at all events made almost if not quite unavailing. And yet, as the Headmaster of Winchester points out, though the desire of the selectors, that boys presenting themselves should have had no special course of instruction, had been notified to schools and parents candidates had been educated in "Osborne Classes".

The committees are resolved that these attempts to perpetuate a system which it is their very object to destroy shall not be allowed to succeed. Parents had therefore better note that boys who have not been educated on the regular lines of education given at the schools from which they come will be placed at a disadvantage in these examinations. Moreover they will have to take the responsibility of choosing a suitable school more seriously than they do in many cases. In fact schools and schoolmasters and parents are as much on their trial as the boys themselves. The character of the school determines largely those broad lines of general suitability to be an admiral of the future which it is the province of the committees to discover. Selection will be largely guided by the kind of school in which the boys have been trained. And the standard of the schools varies enormously. Dr. Burge says "In some schools the number of boys was so small, and the curriculum so limited, that the boys who came from them cannot be said to have received any preliminary education in the widest sense of the term to fit them for the busy life of Osborne". Mr. Baddeley remarks on this topic that there are plenty of excellent private schools in the country where the fees are not excessive, and yet some parents seem almost to go out of their way to choose schools—often at a great distance from home—that are small in size and inefficient in methods of teaching. "The public elementary schools", he adds, "would often give a far better education". These schools and their boys will be handicapped disadvantageously. They are under the strongest temptation to "dress up" a boy to pass muster in this examination; and thus they offend against two of the main principles on which the examiners act. Another matter which the examiners think very important is the character of the reports from the school; what can be said of the general moral character and intelligence quite apart from mere expertise in bookwork and knowledge of this or that subject. Then there is the physical development

and fitness of the boy. To a certain extent this latter can be judged by men accustomed, as are most of the examiners, to "run their eye" over boys of all classes. But especially on the former point the guidance of a master who will supply suggestive and useful reports is very greatly valued and relied on. Some of the examiners complain that they are not assisted so much as they might be by schoolmasters. One may suppose that schoolmasters have some delicacy in presenting reports on boys' general qualities to others than their parents; but at any rate the examiners have found that the best schools send the most "reliable" reports; and again parents and their boys will have to suffer from the distrust inspired in so many ways.

With every admiration for the zeal and ability with which the examiners have managed a delicate and difficult business, and every appreciation of their fine scorn of book subjects, they should not carry their indifference so far as to be unfastidious about their own use of words and phrases. We have quoted "reliable" and we notice that one learned member speaks of something being "different to" another. One gallant member's grammar makes the committee and not the boys exhibit nervousness. This question of nervousness has occupied the examiners a good deal. They want to put the boy at his ease, and their plan is to get on friendly terms by asking questions at first that will make him laugh. The drawback to this is, as one of the examiners remarks, that what will make one boy laugh will make another cry. It must be remembered that these future admirals of ours are very young. But the non-naval members give very pleasant evidence of the success of the admirals of the day in inspiring confidence in these admirals of the future. This experiment has been justified by its success. The ordinary examination is no test of the qualifications of a candidate for the life that lies before him. If this is found to be one that ensures, as Captain Christian says, the best kind of cadets for the navy, the question must be asked, why should it not be applied in other directions?

SCOTTISH LANDLORDS AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

THE task of valuing a flock of sheep would appear to be an easy one for experts; yet over half of Scotland it has become the source of a unique trouble. The subject has been incidentally mentioned in the House of Commons. There was a time when a man entering upon tenancy of a hill-farm took over the stock of sheep at a price which was approximately the actual value. Nowadays the transfer is no such easy matter. The sum to be paid for the stock has ceased to have any reasonable relation to the actual value. Under the lease, it falls to be determined by two arbiters, or, should they differ in their estimates, by an oversman. One of the arbiters is appointed by the outgoing tenant; the other by the incoming tenant, or by the landlord himself if the farm and the stock are to fall into his hands. On the face of it, this arrangement seems quite sound; but it has results which will be heard of with amazement by business men in any commercial city. According to the prices of sheep current at the auction-marts, a flock may be worth £4,000; but the decree arbitral invariably ordains that the outgoing tenant shall receive much more than that. In many cases it is decided that he must receive double. The sum in excess of the market value is granted on account of acclimatisation. Theoretically an addition to the market value in that respect is not unreasonable. The sheep are of a stock that has thrived on a particular farm for many years. It is right that they should be accounted worth something more than they would fetch in the market. The theory of acclimatisation would be sufficiently recognised by adding between two and three shillings a head to the market value of a stock. About fifteen years ago it seems to have occurred to tenant-farmers that the theory held very attractive potentialities for their own enrichment. They did not make public proclamation of their discovery. They did not band themselves into a formal land league. They did not avow, or even entertain, hostility

towards the landlords. Action of that kind would have defeated their purpose. Simply they contrived among themselves that acclimatisation should thenceforth be regarded as an asset of constantly expanding value; acclimatisation was made the basis of a continually increasing claim by outgoing tenants; and now a bonus of twenty shillings a head is quite a usual award.

The arbiters themselves have been heard to deplore the system of fictitious valuations. They themselves, they say, are tied by it. It has become a "custom of the country" and must be followed. Its extraordinary results may be inferred from the recital of a typical case. At Whitsunday 1899 a farmer, already tenant of two large holdings, entered upon tenancy of another subject on a neighbouring estate. In accordance with a provision in the lease that had lapsed, the executors of the late tenant, recently deceased, handed the stock over "at valuation by arbiters". The late tenant had entered the farm about forty years before, when "valuation" really meant determining the value. The rate at which, by decree of the arbiters, the new tenant paid for the stock was about eleven shillings a head more than market value. At first sight this may seem to have been a hardship inflicted on the new tenant; but he did not in reality stand to lose. He was not undertaking a speculative risk, and this he knew quite well. His lease was ostensibly for nineteen years, the period which is usual in Scotland; but according to custom, it included the option of a break at the end of the fifth year or at that of the ninth. The tenant took advantage of the earlier option. Thereupon the farm was advertised as about to become vacant. There were dozens of inquiries. Each ended with the question, Was the stock of sheep to be taken over by valuation? On being informed that the outgoing tenant's lease provided for that method, the inquirers went no farther into the subject. The reason was duly revealed. In the issue of the arbitration, which, there being no definite arrangement as to the future of the farm, was between the outgoing tenant and the landlord, the bonus of 11s. a head with which the stock of fully 3,000 sheep had already been weighted was increased by another bonus of similar amount. In the new bonus alone the outgoing tenant gained more than the total of all the rents he had paid during his occupancy of the farm. Indeed, the proprietor was actually out of pocket on the transaction. Besides, the value of the stock had been inflated to such an extent that no farmer with capital enough to take it over at the fictitious price was to be found.

Cases such as that are not exceptional. They are rather the rule. On one great estate there are a score of farms, covering not much less than a hundred thousand acres, without tenants. A few landowners, one of whom is Sir Donald Currie, have been able, at great sacrifices, to overcome the "custom of the country". As farms fell out, they have themselves been taking over the stocks, paying the outgoing tenant the exorbitant sums decreed by the arbiters, and handing the sheep over to new tenants at actual value and on condition that these shall leave on the same terms. In the case of at least one estate the difficulty has proved insuperable. The stock is about 5,000 head. The land is entailed; the owner has no means of finding money enough to pay for the sheep at the fictitious prices which have been fixed by the arbiters; consequently, the tenant, whose lease was at an end last Whitsuntide, is still in possession of the farm. Of course, he will pay no further rent; but that does not make the position satisfactory either to him or to the landlord. The one cannot recover his capital for any purpose to which he may wish to put it, and the other cannot recover his farm for any purpose whatever.

Business men may well ask whether this economic absurdity could not have been prevented. Many of the leases still current, all of them leaving the valuation of stocks to the unfettered discretion of arbiters, were drawn up and executed at a time when the discretion was exercised in good faith. How could anyone have been expected to see the possibility of ruin in the provision of a method of business that had worked justly

for generations? Besides, there was no obvious alternative. Courts of law, already overpressed with work, would not, if they could, undertake the duty of valuing sheep-stock; and, as the judges are not necessarily men of skill in such affairs, the Courts could not, if they would, undertake the duty. Arbitration by practical men was the only method. It is the only method still. It is the wrong working of the right system that has led to all the trouble. The arbitrament invariably ends in the enrichment of the tenant at the cost of the landlord. Of course, if there is a tenant going into the farm, it is he who pays for the stock in the first instance; but the excess on actual value is a burden which he incurs for a time only. It will fall upon the landlord ultimately, when the farm is again vacant and a tenant cannot be found; and then, as these novel unearned increments are steadily increasing from year to year, it will be a burden largely increased. Already throughout the whole of the Highlands, and over wide regions near the Borders, the flocks are dealt with as if the capital which they embody were double what it really is. It is only a very few landowners who are able to "cut the loss" as Sir Donald Currie did. Some have had to sell portions of their estates in order to find money with which to pay off outgoing tenants. All the others must inevitably be impoverished if they continue the use of their lands as farms without extricating themselves from the "custom of the country". A simple reflection on the facts in the light of arithmetic will show that the custom, if it is not arrested, must eventually render their landed estates insolvent.

THE CITY.

THE negotiations which are understood to be now proceeding in respect of a new Japanese loan are especially interesting as an illustration of the markedly different way in which the position of Japan is now regarded by continental financiers, and naturally suggests a comparison with the reception accorded to the Russian proposals during the past few weeks. A year ago Japan had but London and New York to draw upon and now the principal money markets of the world are eagerly competing for the privilege of subscribing towards her financial requirements. This demonstration confirms the statements which have been current in the City for some time past and to which we have alluded in previous issues, that the weight of international finance is at the moment directed against Russia—whether the object in view will be achieved is a different matter. The extraordinary statements which have appeared in certain sections of the public Press as to Russian finances will, we presume, be taken seriously by some people who are not sufficiently well informed as to the resources of the country, but although the exclusion of her loans from France and Germany must prove a great disappointment there is no doubt that the inner reserves of gold held for various purposes are sufficient to provide for immediate requirements. Should the situation however be not relieved by a change of fortune in Manchuria the strain might prove too much even for Russia, as we are convinced that there will be no relaxation of pressure from those who control the money markets of Europe.

Quotations in our markets have slipped back during the past week, and until the result of the tenders for the new 3 per cent. London County Council Loan became known there was distinct weakness. The success of this issue which was allotted at a minimum of 2 per cent. over the issue price of 95½ gave a fillip to the markets generally. The success of issues apart from undeniably gilt-edged Government stocks is to a great extent a matter of luck for the public have not taken kindly to the new Johannesburg Loan of which the underwriters were saddled with about 76 per cent., or to the 5 per cent. preference issue of the South African Breweries, both of which are without doubt good investments of their class—indeed the opinion frequently expressed was that the Johannesburg Loan whilst issued at a slightly higher price than warranted perhaps was quite as good as the Rand Water Board stock which was in such demand. As to the Breweries issue

it is really remarkable that the public did not largely oversubscribe for what is a sound investment—both securities will be probably bought at much higher prices than those named in the prospectus.

The £1,923,287 Canadian Northern Railway Company first mortgage 3 per cent. debenture stock, guaranteed both as to principal and interest by the Dominion of Canada and offered for subscription at 95 per cent., is another first-class investment. It is true that it is not a full trustee stock, but we understand that an endeavour will be made to overcome this disability, and unless an investor is bound by the Trustee Act the security may be confidently recommended. The list of issues cannot be concluded without reference to the advent of the Government of Siam into the European markets. The interesting announcement is made that subscriptions are invited for a 4½ per cent. loan of £1,000,000 at the price of 95½ per cent. The issue is to be made simultaneously in London and Paris, and a premium of 2 per cent. has been already established on the stock. The security for the loan is a general obligation of the Siamese Government who have at present no foreign or domestic loan outstanding, and have undertaken that if any special security shall be given to any other foreign loan contracted in future, such security shall also be immediately and concurrently applicable to the present loan. The revenue of Siam as given in the prospectus shows an increase of considerably over 100 per cent. during the past ten years, and the proceeds of the present loan are to be applied mainly towards further extensions and construction of the railways. The loan is brought out under the auspices of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation as far as this country is concerned and the interests of the bondholders are therefore in excellent hands.

In regard to the more speculative sections of the Stock Exchange the feature outside the gamble going on in Hudson Bay shares, which received a check following a straightforward letter from the company as to the company's rights in town sites—a communication which did not suit the book of those who are concerned in spreading the most extravagant stories as to the company's resources—has been the general set-back in the price of American railroad shares. This market has been in a feverish state during the week, mainly arising from fear of tight money in New York, but private advices do not point to any severe "shake-out" and Union Pacifics, Baltimore and Steel stocks are still recommended for the rise. The South African mining market has shown improvement and the public statements of the Colonial Secretary and Lord Milner, together with the reports which are to hand of the meetings of the Rand Mines and other companies, all point to a steady improvement in the economic and commercial conditions of the Transvaal which must make itself felt sooner or later. It is asserted also that the mining houses have arrived at an understanding as to the desirability of postponing any new issues for the present. Whilst we do not place much reliance on general statements of this nature, there has been evidence of a disposition on the part of the finance houses to assist the market.

The announcement made by the National Bank of India that a bonus will be given to the shareholders in the shape of shares is interesting and has drawn greater attention to the prosperity attending the operations of the Eastern banks. The example of the Aerated Bread Company, which has in the past favoured this form of bonus, is not one we might be disposed to recommend but the directorate and management of the National Bank of India are so sound that the decision of the Board to adopt the plan of bonus shares may be safely accepted in spite of the unhappy results arising from the action of the A.B.C. The great prosperity of India, which has been again prominently brought forward in the financial statement presented to the Viceroy's Council, has naturally been participated in by the banks, and although the stability of the rupee during recent years has deprived the exchange banks of the opportunity to make any considerable coup from these operations, the steadiness of exchange has permitted the banks to engage their capital to a greater extent in fostering internal trade—the employment of funds to this end has

been to the advantage of Indian commerce. The following are the leading exchange banks whose shares are dealt in on the London market, and it must be admitted that the position of the banks is particularly strong:—

Chartered Bank	Capital.	Reserve.	Price.	Yield about
of India ...	£800,000	£800,000	50 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 per cent.
Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank	£10,000,000	£16,500,000	77 £5 4 $\frac{1}{2}$..
National Bank of India ...	£1,125,000 (£500,000 paid)	£500,000	39 4 (at 33 the price with- out bonus shares)	..

It is also quite safe to assume that in addition to the substantial reserves shown above, greater than the paid-up capital in each case, the Banks have inner reserves which are usually lying disguised among the creditor balances in one shape or another.

The Presidency Banks of India are also in an exceptionally strong position, but these shares are only dealt in on the local markets.

INSURANCE.

LAW UNION AND CROWN.

SOME years ago several of the Life offices especially connected with the legal profession were quite exceptionally prosperous and gave results to their policy-holders which it was very difficult to meet with elsewhere. For one reason or another the pre-eminence of the legal Life offices is passing away and their present results compare very unfavourably with those which formerly prevailed. The latest instance of this is the Law Union and Crown. The Law Union was founded in 1854, the Crown in 1825 and the two offices amalgamated in 1891. The business of the amalgamated company is fairly large, since the annual premium income is nearly £400,000 and the Life funds exceed 4½ millions. The new business transacted in 1904 was slightly larger than usual, and the expenditure at which it was managed rather below the average of recent years. The interest of the report, however, centres in the quinquennial investigation. The liabilities were valued by the healthy males table with interest at 3 per cent. This basis was employed by the company at least twenty years ago, and while other offices have been strengthening their reserves, and thereby improving the bonus prospects, the Law Union values on the same basis as formerly, and in spite of doing so shows a substantial decrease in the bonus results. At 1894 the reversionary bonus was £2 per cent. per annum on sums assured and previous bonuses: in 1899 the bonus decreased to 35s., and this year it has fallen off still further and is only at the rate of 32s. per cent. per annum.

With the old rate of bonus the policies of the Law Union compared very favourably with those of the best companies, but on the present basis many offices give results which are superior. Part of the falling-off is due to the necessity for writing off £37,600 for depreciation in the market value of Stock Exchange securities. A circumstance that makes a still larger inroad upon the policy-holders' share of surplus is the sum taken by the proprietors of the company. For the past five years this amounted to £78,000: this is equivalent to more than 20 per cent. of the total premiums received by the company. Out of the current series of policies the shareholders apparently make a profit of £40,000, or about 13½ per cent. of the total surplus. With the shareholders taking so large a proportion of the surplus it is of course not surprising that the bonus results compare unfavourably with first-class mutual offices, or with proprietary companies which are satisfied with a smaller share of the profits. The shareholders of the Law Union might well be content to improve their Life department by treating the policy-holders more liberally, for the company has both a Fire and an Accident branch, from both of which the shareholders derive profits. The Fire department is quite small as Fire insurance companies go, the Fire premiums amounting to only £222,000. The losses absorbed 63 per cent., and the expenses 32 per cent. of the premiums, leaving a trading profit of 5 per cent. The amount carried from the Fire account to profit

and loss was £6,700. The Accident account showed a trading profit of £2,700, which however was added to the Accident fund and not carried to profit and loss. The profit on the Fire business, together with interest on the funds with the exception of the Life fund, shows a profit for the year of £32,600, to which was added £78,000 for the Life profits of the quinquennium. As the paid-up share-capital is apparently £90,000 it is obvious that the Life policy-holders could well be given a larger share of the surplus, and very substantial dividends for the shareholders would still remain. The probable result of adopting this modern and wiser method of treating the participating policy-holders would be an extension of the Life assurance business.

THE INTRUSIVE GOAT.

E LIZABETH ROBINSON, before she knew that she would live to be the defender of Shakespeare, and Queen of the Blues, "heard a very ridiculous story. Mr. Page, brother to Sir Gregory, going to visit Mr. Edward Walpole, a tame goat which was in the street followed him unperceived when he got out of the coach into the house; Mr. Walpole's servant, thinking the goat came out of Mr. Page's coach, carried them into the room to Mr. Walpole, who thought it a little odd that Mr. Page should bring such a visitor, as Mr. Page no less admired at his choice of so savoury a companion; but civility, a great disposer of sentiments, prevented their declaring their opinions; and the goat, no respecter of persons or furniture, began to rub himself against the frame of a chair which was carved and gilt, and the chair, which was fit for a Christian, but unable to bear the shock of a beast, fell almost to pieces. Mr. Walpole thought Mr. Page very indulgent to his dear crony goat, and wondering he took no notice of the damage, said he fancied that tame goats did a good deal of harm, to which the other said he believed so too; at last, after much free easy behaviour of the goat, to the detriment of the furniture, they came to an explanation, and Mr. Goat was turned down stairs with very little ceremony or good manners".

Too many people, when they pay and receive calls, go through this painful experience. Though the goat be not visible by hide and hoof and horn, they are conscious of a malign presence which they are certain they do not desire, but of which "civility prevents their declaring their opinion".

First, worst, and goatliest of goats is he that joins the company when the man who tells good stories comes in. The raconteur calls them good. Liberal shepherds give a grosser name. Not professing prudery, we complain only that this particular goat is the deadliest of bores: we leave to others to assert that he is no goat, but that old man whom men call Pan and monks Satan. We know that much good wit has gone, in all ages, to gilding his horns and curling his fleece; we know that grave divines have been at the pains to acclimatise him; we know that he is an "emusing little cus".

But, when he once sets hoof in a conversation, it is to "the great detriment of the furniture" which he at once monopolises for scratching purposes. Johnson could roar him out, at the first faint bleat of him; but we are not all Johnsons, and if we give him one eleemosynary smile, he is our master, and no more conversation is possible except on lines by him laid down. We read that Sir Robert Walpole habitually introduced this goat at his dinner-parties, giving as his reason, that it was a familiar beast of whom all could talk. Not therefore do we dub Sir Robert "Cynic": Such considerate politeness seems to us quite beyond a cynic's reach. We say that the talk at Sir Robert's table would have bored us to extinction. For the gilding soon wears off the horns, and the curled fleece draggles into elf-locks, and we are left face to face with the Muckle-horned Clootie himself, and we do not find him clubbable.

It would be easy to rail at this goat for his intrusions into literature; for being the father of Mr. Bowdler; for drawing illustrations for advertisements in Ladies' papers, till military mess-rooms revolt, because the morals of the majors must be respected. Perhaps the

designs that strike us as—well—as Jan van Beersy, are necessary to the comfort of our kindred; perhaps, as Sterne said, it is all in perfect innocence, though much is undoubtedly shown which is usually concealed from the public.

But we must stick by our goat as a spoil-talk. The "last new novel" goat, for instance. A very nice goat often, but a bore of bores. How many have we not met in our time? Looking the other day through the papers of one who is gone where "the Rudyards cease from Kipling and the Haggards ride no more", we found a parody—

"John Inglesant, you bore John,
It seems an age ago
They said *I must* have read you,
And wouldn't take a No!" &c.

Since John Inglesant, how often have we suffered! Unconscious of our doom, a call we victims pay. Before we have well shaken hands, we are assailed with the question "Have you read and what do you think?" If you have not read, take our advice and lie boldly. Say that you have read, and dislike so much that the subject is painful. So, when the tempest of scorn shall be blown over, a calm of conversation may succeed. If your courage fail, and you own that you have not read, at once one daughter will write out the name for you, while two more babble into your unwilling ears, giving two conflicting views of the plot and the characters and the conduct of the piece, to be revised and recapitulated by number one, when she returns from the writing-table with the name of the wretched book and of its miserable publisher neatly written and the injunction, "Be sure to send for it at once".

Then there is the goat that gossips. Your neighbour (so you must know all about it) has been presented with twins, or his twins have fallen into a pond. Or perhaps no calamity has befallen him, and the goat only needs to know how he can keep up his establishment on his pension. If you do know your neighbour, you are sure that he does not wish you to talk about him. If you do not, scandal about Queen Elizabeth, or chatter about Harriet, interests you more. Many people, with the fear of the goat before their eyes, do, by preference, libel Queen Bess, and babble about Mrs. Shelley, and call it literary conversation.

Let a man, by mischance, live next door to a Murder. (A rural next door, two miles away.) Nothing can be talked of, for days together, but that unfortunate incident. He may know, slightly, both parties, active and passive, to the crime. He cannot affirm that he took much interest in the case. But, short of "turning Mr. Goat down stairs with very little ceremony or good manners" he will see no way to escape hearing all about it. He has to go to town, and, like a short-sighted idiot, "with pardonable glee, he blesses himself and chuckles". "To-day and to-morrow at least" he said "I shall be quit of the murder". But under the seat of the railway-carriage is the goat, blessing himself and chuckling. They pack the thing among the shirts, and when, alighted in town, he goes to see a friend at his club, he is at once called upon for a full, true and particular account of the murder. He had forgotten that it was a homicide with "points", and not the ordinary hedgerow kind: he had forgotten that the London papers had been full of it. It spoils his luncheon and the talk with his friend to which he had been looking forward.

Then there is the political goat, a fellow very pestilent and pertinacious: who, when once he intrudes, spoils many a pleasant tête-à-tête. We did not bring him, God forbid. Our friend was thinking of nothing less when we arrived. But before we have sat together for five minutes, the beast monopolises the conversation. For what we know, he swells behind the stove like Faust's poodle and the kernel of him is a carpet-bagger.

In such a case, we counsel flight. Rogers ran away from his chambers where Mackintosh and Conversation Sharpe were talking metaphysics; paid a round of visits, and returned to find that his absence had been unperceived, and that the stream of metaphysic showed no sign of running dry. It is, doubtless, easier for one man to run from two men and a goat, than for two men

to run from one goat. Still, it may be done. If they run in opposite directions, one will go free.

We could fill volumes with our *τραγῳδία*, our goat-song, but—sufficit.

"*Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite, capellæ.*"

MR. DE VRIES' PERFORMANCE.

LAST week, so long-drawn were my sneers at "Everybody's Secret" that I had to forgo the pleasure of praising Mr. De Vries, who, in "A Case of Arson", somewhat atones for the rest of the programme. Atonement should follow, not precede, sin; and I think it a pity that "A Case of Arson" is done at an hour when so many of the people who have reserved seats are lingering over dinner. Before going to the Haymarket, let these people order dinner to be served at 9.15. So will they lose nothing either gastronomically or æsthetically.

They lose much by not seeing Mr. De Vries. They lose a wonderful display of virtuosity in the art of acting. I must say that, judged in relation to dramatic art, the display is reprehensible. "A Case of Arson" is a tragedy. The central figure is a certain John Arend, "a cigar merchant in a small way", who has set fire to his shop, in order to get the insurance money. He appears before the examining magistrate, is succeeded by many other witnesses, is recalled; and gradually, despite his readiness and ingenuity in answering the magistrate's questions, his case breaks down, and his guilt is proved. There is nothing essentially tragic in such a situation. It might be treated comedically, even farcically. But the author, Heyermans, whose "Good Hope" is known to us through the Stage Society, has a sombre mind, and has complicated his play with a motive which ties it down to tragedy. In the fire at the cigar-shop a little girl happened to be burnt to death; and this little girl was the only and well-beloved daughter of John Arend. So that in John Arend we behold not merely a scamp trying to throw dust in the eyes of the law, but also a father overwhelmed with remorse. Now, in comedy or in farce it is not always essential that we should have an illusion of reality. In tragedy such illusion is essential always. We must imagine that the characters are actual human beings; we must forget that they are figments impersonated by mimes. Of "A Case of Arson" the prime attraction is that, with two exceptions, all the characters are impersonated by Mr. Henri De Vries. The examining magistrate, and his attendant, are impersonated by two actors, in the usual way. But Mr. De Vries, in addition to being John Arend, is a policeman, and a grocer, and a house-painter, and an innkeeper, and the father-in-law of John Arend, and John Arend's half-witted brother, who is at first suspected of having committed the crime, and who tries to save the real culprit by incriminating himself. Obviously, no dramatic illusion is possible. If we had not a programme, we might (so truly Protean is Mr. De Vries) not realise that the several parts were not being played by several actors. But of course Mr. De Vries wants the credit for his feat—a feat which it would be ridiculous to perform otherwise—and his name recurs on the programme seven times. The piece is specifically a "show-piece" for him. It is intended, first and last, that we shall admire his skill. Who could withhold admiration? But all the time our admiration depends on the fact that we are not being illuded; and there is something unseemly in a tragedy that does not illude—that cannot be taken seriously. It is amusing to see seven live rabbits produced from a top hat. The conjurer, while he performs this feat, indulges in humorous remarks. He knows, with sure tact, that this is not the time or the place for him to harrow us with reflections on death, and disease, and disaster. Similarly, it is amusing to see seven live characters impersonated by one actor. The dramatist, if he had sure tact, would not choose a tragic pivot for those characters to revolve on. I do not imagine that Heyermans could, if he would, have written a farce for the display of Mr. De Vries' pluralistic genius. Yet a farce—some such farce as that in which, a few years

ago, at the music halls, Signor Frigoli's pluralistic genius was displayed to us—is the only right artistic medium. Incapable of farce, Heyermans ought to have left to some cheaper spirit the task of exploiting Mr. De Vries. It is, as I have suggested, necessarily a mood of amusement that is created in us by Mr. De Vries' method. And we, being in this mood, are necessarily jarred by the introduction of horrors, which unless they can move us to pity and awe, ought never to be introduced at all. What should we think of a conjurer who told us, in the course of his patter over the rabbits, that a few days ago his little daughter was burnt to death, and that, though he, loving her with all his heart, did not of course mean that she should be burnt, yet her death was directly caused by him? We should not believe his story. It would touch no responsive chords in our nature. We should but be offended by a solecism. Even so are we offended at the Haymarket. Only by an exceptionally marvellous power of dealing with rabbits could a tragic conjurer retain his hold on us. I cannot pay Mr. De Vries a higher compliment than by saying that never for one moment in his performance did I seriously intend to walk out of the theatre.

Even if illusion were possible to the spectators of a play in which many characters are played by one man, such a play ought yet on no account to be tragic in intent. Not even with full illusion could we get from it a sense of tragedy. Not even so could we take it seriously. For no actor, how Protean soever, can successfully impersonate various types of normal humanity. The types have to be abnormal. They have to be exaggerated creatures—grotesques. Otherwise there would be no variety—no escape from the actor's own individuality. In "A Case of Arson" John Arend is (barring the two characters not impersonated by Mr. De Vries) the only normal type vouchsafed to us. He is a man with an ordinary face and figure, an ordinary gait, an ordinary voice. There is nothing absurd about him. Presumably, he is, in all respects, very like Mr. De Vries. If the policeman, and the grocer, and those others, also appeared as normal men, then would they too be very like Mr. De Vries, and very like one another; and there would be no fun at all. Every one of them, therefore, must have a set of sharp eccentricities behind which Mr. De Vries may efface himself. One of them has a vast black beard and a deep bass voice, and suffers from asthma. Another has scarcely any voice at all. Another is hugely fat, rolls in his walk, and speaks in the treble. Another wheezes, and suffers from palsy. Another squirms in his walk, speaks through his nose, and carries his head cocked to one side. None of them but is, in one way or another, grotesque. Even in a tragedy, of course, a grotesque is admissible here and there. But what of a tragedy in which we are introduced to a whole gallery of grotesques, one after another, with hardly a moment's respite? The thing is intolerable. Or, rather, it would be intolerable if Mr. De Vries were not, in his every assumption, irresistible.

I wish that, on one occasion, Mr. De Vries would forego his irresistible pluralism, confining himself to the part of John Arend, and letting the other persons in the tragedy be played, as essentially they ought to be played, as normal human beings, by an equal number of actors. The play has enough intrinsic quality to justify this whim. And Mr. De Vries' impersonation of John Arend is, in itself, so fine that one would like to see it in a setting worthy of it—a setting in which its fineness could have full effect on us. On reflection, I think I should allow Mr. De Vries to double the parts of John Arend and of Ansing Arend, the half-witted brother. For the latter is, in surface, a grotesque part; and, moreover, I think no actor could play it so well, with so fine a pathos, as it is played by Mr. De Vries. Not that I withhold from Heyermans himself the first credit for having created this character, which, interpreted even by a duffer, would haunt one's memory. I know few scenes more poignant than the closing scene of the play. John Arend is in an inner room, under arrest. Ansing stands before the magistrate, still mumbling that he himself is the guilty one. The magistrate takes his portfolio briskly from the table, and, before he goes out, speaks kindly to Ansing and

congratulates him on being at liberty to go home. Ansing is left alone with the magistrate's attendant, who throws open the door for him. But Ansing stands twisting his cap round in his hands, and staring at the door of the inner room. At length, "My brother—he is in there?" he asks. "Yes, my man, your brother's in there." After a long, vacant pause, "I go in? See him?" "No, you can't see him." Another pause, and then Ansing shuffles out obediently, and the curtain falls. In this ending we have, I think, a perfect example of how a tragedy on the stage should end—an ending in a minor key, and fraught with that kind of relevant irrelevance of which Shakespeare knew so well the value—an inconclusive ending, and therefore a right ending, in that it leaves our imagination free and so holds our memory when all is over.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE UNIVERSITY CREWS.

IT is satisfactory to be able to record that, whatever may be the result of the Boat Race, the standard of rowing displayed by the University crews is considerably higher than it was last year. Those who followed them last spring in their practice and in the race were almost unanimous in the opinion that Cambridge owed their victory to the want of uniformity and staying power in the Oxford boat, and not to the fact that they themselves had approached to within even measurable distance of first-class form. The Cambridge crew of 1904 were an almost perfect machine working upon unscientific principles, while Oxford aimed at correct style but were far from machine-like in their action. It is interesting to bear this in mind when studying the merits and shortcomings of this year's crews, for, although they are considerably better than their immediate predecessors, the Cambridge crew have distinct traces of the faulty style of last year, while Oxford, although not quite perfectly together, are a stylish crew to look at.

Cambridge have been unfortunate in that they have had to resort to several changes in the order of rowing since they went into training. Mr. Wormald, an Eton freshman, who was doing well at No. 2, strained himself, and Mr. Bruce who rowed last year took his place. The change did not turn out satisfactorily, and as recently as last Monday Mr. P. H. Thomas, last year's president, came in at 4, Mr. Savory going 2 to the exclusion of Mr. Bruce. Without having seen the crew both before and after the change it is impossible to say whether this was a wise policy or the reverse. Mr. P. H. Thomas, trained and fit, is one of the best oarsmen of the present day, but he is only human, and it is impossible to believe that he can do himself justice on eleven days' practice. Of the individual members of the crew Mr. Taylor does not strike one as a good stroke. He hurries his body forward, is very gentle at the beginning and appears to have little or no command over his crew. Mr. Powell at 7 is the mainstay of the boat. He is bigger and stronger than he was last year, and makes good use of his body and legs. Mr. Winthrop Smith (6) looks rather as if he had outgrown his strength. He is a neat oar, but is occasionally late and invariably rows too deep. Mr. Wedd (5) is a solid, if rather clumsy, worker; he uses his legs well. Mr. Johnstone (3) is also a hard worker, he still swings too far back, but not so badly as he did last year. Mr. Savory (2) has too little control over his body during the swing forward, and fails to grip the beginning of the stroke. Mr. Sanger is a neat but not very effective bow. As a crew the Cambridge men are not so uniform as they were last year, but they work harder together in the middle of the stroke, and by making better use of their weights they spread their leg-work over a longer portion of the stroke, but they hurry their bodies forward, miss the beginning, and are all inclined to feather under water. They get considerable pace on the boat by means of a simultaneous thrust with the legs, but leg-work alone without lifting the weight of the bodies up from the stretcher at the beginning has never yet resulted in sustained pace over a long distance, and never will.

The Oxford crew is the best that has come from the

Isis since 1898, and from the style in which they row it looks as if we were at last going to see a revival in Oxford rowing, which has been in rather a hopeless state for the last few years. Mr. Bucknall has already shown that, if he is not a first-class oar, he has many of the qualities that go to make a good stroke. He rows with a certain amount of dash and initiative and has that mysterious power of communicating his wish to his crew when he desires to make any extra effort. It remains to be seen whether he possesses the other qualification necessary for a good stroke—namely, that of steady his crew down when they are flurried in a race. At present he appears inclined to forget that there are bigger and heavier men behind him, and that he cannot give them time to do themselves justice unless he keeps his legs down and holds out the finish long. Mr. Graham (7) has been an unfortunate oar. He would have made a first-class "bow" or "two" in any crew, but circumstances have always compelled him to occupy a position where he is rather overplaced. He makes a better "seven" than he did "stroke" last year and is a very good worker for his weight. Mr. Evans (6) is a much improved man. But he sinks in to himself at the finish and does not make the most of the time stroke gives him; his work although it comes firmer and harder from the stretcher than it did last year, is not carried through in one piece. Mr. Jones (5) is an Eton freshman. He is unable exactly to combine the work of his body and legs, but has greatly improved in this respect during the last few weeks. He has grown rather too fast to be a really powerful oar, but should be a very good man next year. Mr. Balfour (4) is an honest worker of great staying power, but his style is rather rough and he is not a good waterman. Mr. Hales (3) is a moderate oar who does his fair share of work while Messrs. Farrer and Somers-Smith are both neat and fairly effective. Collectively they have made steady improvement since they went into training and have recently developed quite a turn of speed at times, but they are inclined to lose this by hurrying the finish and by failing to apply the leg-work the instant the blades touch the water. They do not appear to make quite the same good use of their legs as Cambridge do, but it must be borne in mind that the best leg-work is that which is spread over the whole stroke and not that which is got by a sudden and conspicuous thrust in the middle of the stroke; good leg-work often exists in a crew to an extent that is not suspected by a casual spectator.

At the time of writing the crews have not done anything under similar conditions against the watch or against scratch crews to help the prophets to make up their minds as to their chances of victory or defeat. There is little to choose between them in strength and stamina, and both are faster than either of last year's crews. But judging solely by the style in which they do their work, Oxford appear to be slightly the better of the two. They made their first attempt over the full course on Wednesday last. The tide was a good one and the wind, which was light, favoured them over the first part and was against them in Corney Reach. They did not do as well as they should have done against two rather weak scratch crews, but they stayed well and finished strongly and their time over the whole distance (19 min. 41 sec.) was by no means slow.

The result of the race depends upon whether the Cambridge men can so regulate their training as not to put too severe a strain upon Mr. Thomas and yet keep the other men fit. If they can do this, their superior strength may pull them through. On the other hand if the Oxford crew fall together at the beginning of the stroke as crews often do during the last few days, their more scientific application of their weights should enable them to win whether Mr. Thomas is fit enough to do himself justice or not.

FATE.

IN a long corridor of an old Georgian house, lit by a skylight and by a window over the hall door, there hung a piece of needlework in a dark rosewood frame. In silk, some lady of the family had worked a landscape

setting forth the district and the house in which the picture hung. It stood four square and looked out on the east, across the moss which once had been a sea. On either side of the great strath ran lines of hills, one rough and heather-clad, as when just at their feet the Romans were rolled back, the other smooth and green, and sloping off towards the south. The moss itself was brown and on its face the shadows came and went, chasing each other as the hours pursue eternity, leaving no trace where they had passed.

Trees stood about the house and in the pictured needlework; in one case stiff and formal, looking like ineffectual monuments of grief in cemeteries, and in the other whispering in the wind, labouring and groaning in the storm, and in the sunshine all alive with bees.

The careful needlewoman had displayed each stone and window in the house; colouring those black which had been closed during the operation of the window tax, and had dwelt lovingly on walls and pediments. The range of hills under her magnifying steel had changed to mountains, and a small lake had come into existence supplied with water from the fountains of her brain. Right carefully she had devised the cedars, with the beech avenue, the sycamores, the weeping yew, and the stiff terrace upon which the house was set, whilst every post in all the fences was portrayed both with elaborate stitching and with circumstance.

Just as much inkling of perspective was employed as to make all unnatural, and yet on looking at it, you felt it had been done with tenderness, and the contriver must have put her soul into the task.

Such artless works sometimes more nearly touch the heart than the most airy flights of genius, when the place represented has been dear to the beholder and the artist; for places, unlike men, can never vary, and time itself breeds no satiety of love.

The faint, fresh smell of fir trees in the wet, the scent of dampness rising from the moss and the perfume of bracken, sweet and sharp, must have been present always to the worker as she sat sewing at her window seat, whilst gazing at the rain.

Time does not mellow needlework as it does pictures, yet still it gives it interest, and as the colours fade and ends of silk grow rough, it seems a soul is born in them which speaks to us out of its nothingness bringing us somehow nearer to the dead.

So it hung on, getting a little yellower, more flyblown, and with the varnish scaling from the rosewood frame and the gold falling off in particles from the interior rim, as winter damp and summer sun succeeded year by year in the long corridor of the old Georgian house. Birds sat upon it now and then, and bats occasionally hid themselves between it and the wall, and darted out again as fearlessly as if the lonely passage had been an alley in a wood. Nothing appeared less likely than that a tragedy should be unrolled with it as background, or as the world, in which after the fashion of the greater world outside its frame, birth, life and death should pass all unperceived.

Life was serene as usual in the corridor, whilst the dust gathered on the picture frames and clung upon the looking-glasses as frost clings on a cabbage leaf in the late autumn after a cold night. The house itself, buried in woods, woods and more woods, stood lonely and in the avenues guttered and channelled by the winter rains, the grass grew rank. The terraces were pitted here and there with holes made by the rabbits in their play, who left a little heap of sand outside them, to which occasionally clung brown silky fur.

The roedeer, venturing from the copses, strayed in the summer nights and bellowed close to the windows; and the soft flying owls wafted from tree to tree like kites, or hooted litanies from the tall larches, whilst, from the woods and mosses rose the faint noises which at night wake recollections of the time when men and animals perchance all spoke one tongue.

The charm of desolation had descended on the place, and the rare lights and few inhabitants seemed to be lost in nature, which invaded them, swallowing them in her amplitude as the stray vegetation swallows up a church deserted by the Jesuits out on the Chaco or in Paraguay. Gnomons had fallen from sundials, and the stone slabs of terrace steps yawned open: from

some of them sprang ferns, whilst on the coping of the walls the moss grew tenderly. The ponds were half grown up with flags and bulrushes. Great banks of sand and mud stretched into them, brought by the burns in winter, and on them feathers stuck, looking like snowflakes and fluttering in the wind. All was so quiet that the mast falling from the beech sounded like raindrops pattering upon ice or on a window-pane.

Nothing disturbed the quiet of the place, which slowly seemed to fall to ruins and to become more beautiful each day. Then, on a summer morning when the swallows darted through the trees, hawking at flies and on the grass the squirrels ventured timidly to play, springing upon the overhanging boughs at the first sudden noise, a bubble seemed to swell below the glass and force it outwards at the corner of the frame. It grew mysterious and white, next turned a rusty brown, then was forgotten as the days slipped past, each one so like the other that the flight of time was imperceptible, darkness succeeding light as stealthily as the owls floated through the wood, lighting like thistle-down on the elastic branches of the trees.

Weeks passed and still the mystery was unsolved, only beneath the envelope a fluttering motion now and then was seen, as if a spirit prisoned in its cell stirred faintly, struggling to free itself from matter and to escape into the sky. But no one marked it much, for tragedies may be enacted at one's elbow, and none the wiser; for indeed, most tragedies seem comic to the looker-on, who does not comprehend the motive, and takes the sufferer for a mere ill-bred person, who might have lived and died, just like the rest of us, had he had common sense.

So the bees hung about the lime trees, making their music in the flowers, the cedars' branches swayed like windmills' sails, and in the thickest of the woods the capercailzie crowded, flapping their wings with a strange hollow sound which echoed through the trees, like negro tomtoms by night up some mosquito-haunted river on the coast, or like the mournful drum which Bernal Diaz heard during the siege of the great temple of Tenochtitlán.

Then, on a morning in late June, when the soft air just curled the rising mist from off the moss into tall pillars such as rise in a simoom, one who had looked by chance at the old needlework in passing saw that the tragedy had taken place.

The temple's veil was rent, and fallen asunder, and underneath the glass a brown and fluffy moth had come into the world, been born, had stirred, just fluttered and had died, seeing the air it could not fly in, feeling the life within it, which fate that laughs at all things, moths and men alike, said it should never taste.

To wish it peace, it who had not known trouble, were in vain, and for repose, its wings had never fluttered in the air. Care, sorrow, love, hate, pain, revenge, and still less avarice, or ambition by which the fool and not the noble fall, it shall know none of, and probably would not have felt in its brief joyous life.

But to be cabined in a cage of glass, to suffer the "peine forte et dure" of death by pressing, for no committed crime, poor, fluttering fairy round the lamp of life, 'twas hard. How brief your pleasures and how innocent, merely to play about the corridors of the old melancholy house to prove your wings, and then to soar into some fir tree on the lawn, equipped at once with all the lore inherited from those your ancestors in Eden, who flitted through the cypresses of that fair garden on the Tigris, and then after a day or two, at most a month, to love, to rove at night amongst the trees, to fall at the first frost or heavy shower, and lie amongst the needles of the pines without a single crime upon your conscience, tender as your wings.

Alas, poor fellow, would-be flutterer in the realms of a hard world, perhaps the fate presiding at your birth who with her unkind shears cut off your destiny, was kind. Who knows? You might have come to ruin or mishap, e'en you who surely had no unkind thought in your minute and microscopic brain.

Circling about at night, thinking no evil, after the fashion of your clan, a candle light which to your complex eyes might have appeared a sun, vast, round, and vivifying, might have attracted you and left you

writhing agonised and maimed, a prey to children who in their rage for self-improvement, or from the cruelty which we who have no wings bear in our blood as the true sign of the great curse our common Maker set upon us at the Fall, transfixes you with a pin.

Perils we know not of and which have never entered our dull brains, so ill attuned to all the mysteries of your world, may have awaited you. Some pestilence which no physician of our kind has diagnosed might have attacked and struck you blind, crippling your flight or rendering you unsightly to the companions of your merry little world. This might have been, or the fell spider with his web of fated filaments entangled your soft wings and drawn you struggling to his den, cut off your life and fed upon your flesh, for these are dangers even we who know so little of your lives can comprehend. From these your fate has freed you, making you equal to great Cæsar, Hannibal, to Alexander, both to the greatest and the least of all mankind, by the mere fact that you have lived.

Rail not at fate, poor iridescent moth, although the hues upon your wings were meant to shine at twilight as you flickered through the trees with just as fair a lustre as the most gorgeous butterfly who hovers in the sun on the Tijuca's slopes can ever boast. Do not repine although no snowflake would have floated from the sky more delicately than the unfollowable pulsations of your wings would have conveyed you through the twilight air in your brief honeymoon with life. You will not know the joy of liberty, tender and innocent in its conception, as moths alone conceive it, out of created things. Let no cursed man of science with his dog Latin and apocalyptic Greek dispel my ignorance, telling me that the family of moths is as rapacious as the vulture or the crow. I'll not believe it, but will mourn thy fate, condemned to see for a brief moment all the beauties of the light, never to flit at evening in the dark recesses of the trees. Poor pilgrim to a world unworthy of your innocence, who lived and died so quickly, surely you solved at once the mysteries which we live for a lifetime and still never grasp. My fellow-sufferer by fate, you, who left instantly the world in which we tarry longer instants, with as scant comprehension of our lives perhaps as you, do not forget us prisoned in our glass; but in the limbo where you flutter now, think that a fellow-moth remembers you, just as you lived and died, with your soft body, iridescent wings, and sharp antennæ.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

MOTORING.

A YEAR has passed since Lord Shrewsbury at the general meeting of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland proposed "that no member of the Automobile Club in the trade, or journalist connected with an automobile journal, be eligible for membership of the committee". That this drastic proposal would be vetoed was obvious to anyone knowing the trend of the club's politics at that period but its formulation undoubtedly did good if only in the way of calling attention to the condition of affairs. It is now, however, becoming increasingly imperative that some sweeping reform be made if the club is to maintain its position as arbiter of the sport and pastime of motor-ing. From its big membership it should be easy to select a committee of men entirely without trade interests or bias—men, moreover, of good social position, able and willing to carry out the very arduous work which their duties entail. Certainly there are many such men at present serving on the club committee, but the trade element is so strong that their actions and deliberations are, at any rate in the eyes of the general public, somewhat prejudiced. It is argued by the trade that few, if any, of the club members except those directly interested in the industry have any knowledge of automobile racing and of kindred subjects, and that in order to legislate for them it is necessary to include members of the trade in the club committee. This reasoning is unsound, as matters of this kind should invariably be referred to sub-committees in order to avoid wasting the time of the club committee in lengthy discussion of abstruse

technical points. In some cases sub-committees might advantageously be formed exclusively of trade members, and their deliberations and resolutions should then be referred back to the club committee composed in accordance with Lord Shrewsbury's proposal. The club committee would thus be merely obtaining expert advice from the trade, and its final decisions on any matter would undoubtedly possess greater weight than they do at the present time.

The alliance which the Club has just effected with the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders is additional evidence of the steady growth of trade influence. This alliance seems to indicate, moreover, that the Club approves the form of bond given to the above society by those who are entitled to be included in the first ballot for choice of position at the society's next exhibition. This bond prohibits all who sign it from taking part in any other exhibition except the one organised by the society under a penalty of £250 as liquidated damages and is aimed directly against Mr. Cordingley, whose show at the Agricultural Hall closes to-day, and others in his position. We might suggest that a better solution of the "show" question would possibly be a fusion of the above society with the older organisation "The Automobile Mutual Protection Association", thus making a body strong enough to stand alone against the vagaries of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland. The present exhibition at the Agricultural Hall contains some remarkable exhibits but none more interesting than the Delaunay-Belleville, a new arrival from France. Produced by the famous firm at Saint-Denis its workmanship is assured, while there are ample evidences of unusual care and thought. To a casual observer this car is remarkable chiefly for the absence of the hideous structure known as the dash-board; this dash-board is usually regarded as a convenient spot for attaching all manner of hypertrophied lubricators and grease pots which are not only unlovely but frequently detrimental to one's clothing. The floor-board of the "Delaunay-Belleville" is carried in a graceful sweep nearly to the top of the engine bonnet—two small gauges are mounted at the apex of this floor-board—one indicating the circulation of water and the other the pressure of oil in the lubricating system which is of an entirely new type, the lubrication of the engine being effected by a small pump situated in the base chamber. By loosening four bolts the whole body of the car can be shifted back on the frame to give access to the gear-box and transmission, which in the case of the 16 horse-power type is by cardan shaft to a live-axle, for the 40 horse-power car, however, a countershaft and side chains are employed. Noteworthy exhibits are the Itala car shown by the Fabry Automobile Company of Turin, the mors in which the cylinders are set slightly in advance of the crank shaft to avoid angularity of thrust, the Richard-Brasier on whose stand is exhibited the famous No. 5 driven by Thérey, winner of the Gordon-Bennett of last year, the British Automobile Commercial Syndicate and many others of which lack of space unfortunately forbids a detailed account. The Aero Club has a good exhibition in the Gallery, and the heavy vehicle section in the Minor Hall is good as far as it goes, but numerically disappointing.

BRIDGE.

THE Robertsonian Rule, which we spoke of last week, is a system which came to us from India, and which professes to establish a standard for a justifiable No Trump call by assigning a figure value to the court cards.

Each Ace counts 7.
" King " 5.
" Queen " 3.
" Knave " 1.

When the collective value of the court cards in the hand amounts to 21 or more it is supposed to be a justifiable No Trump, provided that the counting cards are spread over at least three of the suits, and that they are all properly guarded, that is to say, that a king has at least one guard, a queen at least two, and

a knave three. This system is obviously based on the bare three Ace No Trump, as the value of three aces amounts to exactly 21. It is of more value negatively than positively, by which is meant that no hand which does not count 21 is justifiable No Trump, but it does not quite follow that any hand which does count up to 21 will succeed at No Trumps. For instance, the four kings and one knave would count 21, but it would be a desperately risky declaration, and again the bare three-ace call, spoken of above, is a declaration which requires considerable assistance from your partner to carry it through with success. The following are two very light calls, which reach the required standard:

No. 1.

Hearts—Ace, 8, 6.
Diamonds—Queen, 9, 7, 2.
Clubs—King, knave, 3.
Spades—King, 8, 5.

No. 2.

Hearts—Ace, knave, 3.
Diamonds—King, 9, 6.
Clubs—King, queen, 7, 2.
Spades—9, 8, 4.

The figure value of both these hands amounts to exactly 21, and they are both very near the border line, but experience has abundantly proved that border-line No Trumps succeed far more often than they fail, and No Trumps should be declared on either hand at the score of love all. No. 1 is slightly better than No. 2 because it is guarded in all the four suits. The weakest point in the Robertsonian Rule is that it does not take into consideration the backbone given to a hand by a long suit. Take such a hand as

Hearts—King, 4.
Diamonds—Queen, 8, 3.
Clubs—King, knave, 10, 9, 7, 5.
Spades—Ace, 7.

This hand counts only 21, but it is a hand with great possibilities, and no bridge player of any experience would hesitate to declare No Trumps on it.

One other variety of the No Trump call must be mentioned. When you hold six or more cards of a black suit, thoroughly established, and one other card of entry, No Trumps should always be declared at the score of love. You will, of course, be running a considerable risk with two entire suits against you, but you may trust your partner to hold something of value in one or both of them, and the probable gain is well worth the risk. Directly either you or your partner can get in, the odd trick at least, and very probably the game, is a certainty, but your suit must be thoroughly established—the ace, king, queen at the head of it is a necessity.

Take such a hand as:—

Hearts—Ace, 7.
Diamonds—8, 5, 3.
Clubs—Ace, king, queen, 9, 7, 5, 4.
Spades—10.

This is an undeniable No Trump. It is somewhat of a gamble, as you may find an equally powerful suit of diamonds or spades in the leader's hand, in which case you will be doubled and probably lose the game, but the chance is well worth risking, and you will find that you will win the game on it in four cases out of five.

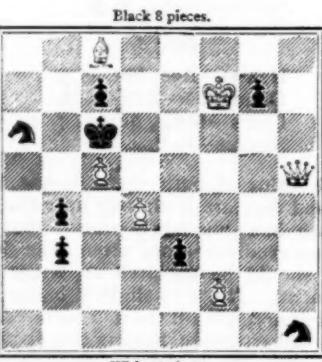
In the early days of bridge No Trump calls were far less frequent than they are at the present day. Players had not fully recognised the possibilities of the call, and the very great advantage which it gives to the player of the two hands. They were rather shy of declaring No Trumps without some protection in every suit, and were often surprised to find what chances they had missed by refusing to take a little extra risk. In these latter days a certain section of players are inclined to run to the opposite extreme, and to declare No Trumps on the most shadowy pretext. Such a one will say to you at the beginning of a rubber, "I hope you do not mind light No Trumps, partner, I am a very forward player". This is the most dangerous type of

partner, and you will be lucky if you get out of it without disaster. Bridge is a game in which, if you are holding fairly good cards, it will pay you to declare to their full value, but directly you try to force the game, and declare beyond the legitimate value of the cards in your hand, disaster is certain to follow. There is no player more easy to beat in the long run than the one who tries to import into the game the bluff element peculiar to poker by declaring above the value of his hand. The old hackneyed proverb, *medio tutissimus ibis*, applies strongly to the game of bridge.

CHESS.

PROBLEM 5. BY M. L. A. KUIJERS.

(From "Le Monde Illustré".)



White 6 pieces.

White to mate in three moves.

The solution to above will appear next week.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 3.

1. *Kt-B3*. If 1. *K-Q5*, 2. *Kt(K7)-Q5*, and mate next move. If 1. *K-B3*, 2. *Kt(B3)-Q5 ch.*, and mate next move.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 4.

1. *R-K7 ch.* If 1. *K-B1*, then 2. *K-B6*. If 1. *K-Q1*, then 2. *K-Q6*. Black must now move the bishop, when White attacks it threatening mate at the same time.

The following game in the match just concluded at Hastings between Napier and Mieses is certain to rank as a chess curiosity. Mieses has made a special study of this opening; indeed, he is the only master who ventures to play it in tournaments. As the opening was played by arrangement, there is not even the excuse of surprise for losing a game in fifteen moves.

DANISH GAMBIT.

White	Black	White	Black
Napier	Mieses	Napier	Mieses
1. <i>P-K4</i>	<i>P-K4</i>	3. <i>P-QB3</i>	<i>P x P</i>
2. <i>P-Q4</i>	<i>P x P</i>	4. <i>B-QB4</i>

So far the moves were by arrangement.

4. . . .	<i>Kt-QB3</i>	8. <i>B-KKt5</i>	<i>B x Kt</i>
5. <i>Kt x P</i>	<i>B-Kt5</i>	9. <i>P x B</i>	<i>P-KR3</i>
6. <i>Kt-KB3</i>	<i>Kt-KB3</i>	10. <i>B-R4</i>	<i>P-KKt4</i>
7. Castles	<i>Castles</i>	11. <i>B-KKt3</i>	<i>Kt x P</i>

Is a master one who defies principles? An ordinary player would have been quite content with being a pawn to the good, and would have proceeded to develop his pieces by *P-Q3* with an eye for *Kt-K4* as soon as possible. Instead, Black not only leaves his Q side undeveloped, but irretrievably compromises the K side, for the sake of another pawn. All of which goes to show that the judgment of masters is not infallible.

12. <i>Q-Q3</i>	<i>Kt x B</i>	14. <i>Q x P ch</i>	<i>K-Kt1</i>
13. <i>Q-Kt6 ch</i>	<i>K-R1</i>	15. <i>Kt x P</i>	Resigns.

In these gambit games, where the opening moves have been fixed, one player obtains almost immediately

such an overwhelming advantage in position or material that no resource can save the game. Contrast the above with the game between the same players in the Cambridge Spring Tournament, where attack and counter-attack, position and material are so nicely balanced.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

White	Black	White	Black
Napier	Mieses	Napier	Mieses
1. <i>P-K4</i>	<i>P-QB4</i>	20. <i>B-Q6</i>	<i>Kt-B3</i>
2. <i>Kt-KB3</i>	<i>P-K3</i>	21. <i>Q-R4</i>	<i>Kt-K5</i>
3. <i>P-Q4</i>	<i>P x P</i>	22. <i>B-K5</i>	<i>Q x P</i>
4. <i>Kt x P</i>	<i>Kt-KB3</i>	23. <i>QR-K1</i>	<i>Q-K2</i>
5. <i>B-Q3</i>	<i>Kt-B3</i>	24. <i>R x Kt</i>	<i>P x R</i>
6. <i>Kt x Kt</i>	<i>KtP x Kt</i>	25. <i>B-B6</i>	<i>Q-Q3</i>
7. Castles	<i>P-Q4</i>	26. <i>Q-R6</i>	<i>Q-B1</i>
8. <i>Kt-B3</i>	<i>B-K2</i>	27. <i>Q-R4</i>	<i>P-K4</i>
9. <i>Q-B3</i>	<i>Castles</i>	28. <i>R-Q1</i>	<i>R-K3</i>
10. <i>Q-Kt3</i>	<i>Q-Kt3</i>	29. <i>P-Kt4</i>	<i>Q-B4</i>
11. <i>P x P</i>	<i>BP P</i>	30. <i>P-Kt5</i>	<i>P-K6</i>
12. <i>B-KKt5</i>	<i>B-R3</i>	31. <i>R-Q3</i>	<i>P x P ch</i>
13. <i>Kt-R4</i>	<i>Q-B3</i>	32. <i>K-B1</i>	<i>R x B</i>
14. <i>B x B</i>	<i>Q x B</i>	33. <i>P x R</i>	<i>Q x P</i>
15. <i>Kt-B5</i>	<i>Q-B3</i>	34. <i>Q-K4</i>	<i>R-K1</i>
16. <i>P-Kt4</i>	<i>Kt-R4</i>	35. <i>P-QR4</i>	<i>Q-Kt8 ch</i>
17. <i>Q-Kt4</i>	<i>B x Kt</i>	36. <i>K x P</i>	<i>Q-Kt3 ch</i>
18. <i>P x B</i>	<i>P-Kt3</i>	37. Resigns	
19. <i>B-K7</i>	<i>KR-K1</i>		

CORRESPONDENCE.

TUSCAN DISPUTATION.

[Referring to Mr. Heywood's letter of last week he seems to consider the fact that Cosimo I. should have styled himself Duke of the Republic of Siena when he was invested with that Vicariate of the Empire to have been a singular evidence of his wisdom—to us it merely indicates that he followed the commonest custom. The more sovereignties which a prince held the prouder his boast, and Charles V. in the long list of his seventy-five titles does not disdain to blazon the smallest County or Lordship which was his by right.

Mr. Heywood has dogmatically stated that the Church in the Middle Ages had "established an impassable gulf between the religious and the ethical duty". He now thinks that he "borrowed [the statement] from 'The Skeptics of the Italian Renaissance' by the Rev. John Owen". We had thought that a student of Mr. Heywood's calibre would have been content with nothing less than contemporary documents when condemning wholesale the religious system of the Middle Ages.

As to Mr. Heywood's admission that S. Catherine of Siena "accepted" the current belief in hell, but in the recesses of her soul did not really believe it, the sincerity of the belief is abundantly clear from numerous passages in the Life of the Saint by the Blessed Raymund of Capua. As to the passage quoted by Mr. Heywood in proof of his theory, we are disappointed to find that he does not refer us to her writings, only to an extract in Tommaseo's preface, without giving the reference.—ED. S. R.]

"DE PROFUNDIS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Edenham, Bourne, Lincs,

12 March, 1905.

SIR,—The different points of view from which different people consider the same work of art are sometimes amusing, and your correspondent Mr. A. E. Manning-Foster shows in his letter that "De Profundis" has one of the great essentials to a work of art: it is all things to all men. For my part I do not think that Mr. Cunningham Graham's notice of the book could be improved. Humility is certainly not "the most significant point in the book", the significance attached to it by the author is explained in the following sentences: "Had anyone told me of it, I would have rejected it. Had it been brought to me, I would have refused it.

As I found it, I want to keep it." There could not be a more charming reason. If I were to attempt to find in one phrase of this wonderful book the prevailing note of the whole I should quote the words "God made the world just as much for me as for anyone else".

May I point out, in conclusion, that the description of Renan's "Vie de Jésus" as "that gracious fifth gospel, the gospel according to S. Thomas", seems reminiscent of "la sincérité de la Vie de Jésus faisait penser à une cinquième Évangile, l'Évangile selon Saint Thomas le Douteur"; a phrase which occurs in "La Vie d'Ernest Renan", by Mary James Darmesteter. There are many references to S. Thomas in Wilde's work, but it would be interesting to know that this is only a coincidence.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
FREDERIC MANNING.

MUSIC IN SCOTLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Glasgow, 20 March, 1905.

SIR,—A misprint, due to my fault in not correcting the proof of my letter, gives the credit of training the Sheffield chorus to Dr. Cowen instead of Dr. Coward.

Yours truly,
LIONEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

54 Hamilton Terrace, London, N.W., 22 March.

SIR,—In a letter headed "Music in Scotland", which appears in your issue of this week, there is a statement with regard to the Sheffield choir and myself which I shall be glad if you will correct. The writer has evidently confused my name with that of Dr. Coward. I have never trained the choir at Sheffield, nor had any connexion with them beyond conducting a very fine performance of one of my works at the last Festival two years ago. Trusting you will be good enough to insert these few lines in your next issue,

I am, yours, &c.,
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

"THE LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cowper School, Olney, Bucks.

SIR,—As my work "The Life of Sir Richard Burton" is now nearly finished, will you allow me to say in your columns that I should be pleased to hear from anyone who has letters of either Sir Richard or Lady Burton. The work, which will correspond in size with my "Life of Edward Fitzgerald", and will contain about seventy illustrations, is being written with the full approval and assistance of the Burton family.

I am, yours faithfully,
THOMAS WRIGHT.

TOWARDS BETTER TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 March, 1905.

SIR,—In your issue of 18 March Mr. Edward Houghton draws certain contrasts between secondary and primary teachers and refers to a previous letter of mine. I should like to make a few additional remarks to show why primary teachers are obliged to "whine" or "clamour".

The social standing and connexions of secondary teachers—university influence and interests as well as social equality with their educational superiors—give them opportunities for obtaining many of their objects. The primary teachers with none of these advantages can only appeal to the public, and a strenuous attitude is the only one that attracts attention nowadays.

Teachers' associations in encouraging one and all of their members to take part in the work run the risk of unbalanced and raw advocates coming before the public. Nostrums of all kinds are put forth, especially in some of the primary education journals. The common sense and educational zeal of the majority counteract these, and a steady educational advance is the result. Of course there is a penalty attached to the training of the raw material in public, and the ill-digested plans of the recruits are seized hold of by opponents and held up as the deliberate policy of the Union.

As the "whine about their low salaries" by the primary teachers seems to have attracted the attention of Messrs. Ambrose T. Raynes and Edward Houghton allow me to quote from the Government Returns for 1903 the salaries paid to certificated masters.

Salaries.	Principals.	Assistants.
Under £100	2,401	5,314
100 and under 150	5,442	4,685
150 "	2,744	1,514
200 "	1,383	12
250 "	502	1
300 "	430	—
400 "	25	1
500 and over	3	—

These figures show that 60 per cent. of the principals receive less than £150 per annum while only 3.5 per cent. receive £300 or above. Nearly half the certificated assistant masters receive less than £100. The average salary of certificated teachers in 1870 was £94 2s. 1d. but in 1903 it had risen to £129 18s. 9d.

I quite agree with Mr. Houghton that nothing but good can come from the union of the two branches. At present many artificial barriers prevent this and detached units on either side are trying to erect others. In the meantime we, who believe in the coalescence, must shake hands over the wall and help to build a way over from each side to show the uselessness of the division and to prove by actual experience that each may learn much from the other.

Yours faithfully,
E. S. MORTIMER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

74 Gower Street, W.C., 22 March, 1905.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Edward Houghton in your issue of Saturday last, with its references to other letters that preceded it, covers a great deal of ground. May I say a few words on one or two of the points raised? Mr. Raynes and Mr. Mortimer are not quite fair to the two classes of teachers, primary and secondary, to whom they respectively refer. Primary school teachers, with a Board of Education over them, and a large majority of their pupils reared in homes which can do little to co-operate with the teachers in giving a true education—that is, character formation—are heavily handicapped in comparison with their secondary-school brethren. The huge size of the classes in primary schools is another serious drawback in their work. The primary school teachers do not need to "learn how to educate" so much as to be put under conditions which shall make true education possible.

No doubt thorough training, hitherto missing, will help secondary-school teachers to teach better, but here again the teachers are handicapped in another way by the number of external examinations and by the scholarship competition conditions of the universities. Train the teachers and then give them the freedom for which Thring clamoured, and it is not likely that "amateurishness" will be charged against them.

The drawing together of the many associations of secondary-school teachers into a federated college, which is now being attempted, will certainly tend to accentuate such rivalry as exists between the primary and the secondary class, and lead to a still stronger stress being laid on the professional as distinguished from the educational element. This movement is a direct result of the Education Act of 1902 and of the large measure of decentralisation involved in the

establishment of county education authorities. The ways of Whitehall were known, the policy of the new authorities cannot yet be fully gauged.

The agitation for better salaries and better tenure conditions can now be justified on other than what are called trades-union grounds. Any administrator who studies the matter can see that, at all events in secondary schools for boys, the standard of academic qualification among the staff has dropped considerably during the last thirty years. The career of schoolmaster does not attract in comparison with its alternatives. But, viewed from the purely professional standpoint, is it right that teachers should endure in silence conditions which render it impossible for them, even as celibates, to pay a modest annual premium to protect their later years from penury? Those who have gone into the figures, as Professor Sadler and others have done, know that this is so in a very large number of cases.

For twenty years there has existed an association—the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland—having for its main objects (1) to form a body thoroughly representative of all grades in the teaching profession, and (2) to obtain for the whole body of teachers the status and authority of a learned profession. It is now pressing for a remodelled register of teachers, on which personal qualifications, apart from the type of school in which a teacher is engaged, shall serve as the criterion for admission, and primary-school teachers shall not be shut off, on a separate column, from their brethren. "The party-wall now existing between primary and secondary education" is altogether mischievous and should be razed to the ground. "Teachers are separated only by the lowest things, in all that is highest they are at one."

Yours, &c.

H. B. GARROD,
General Secretary of the Teachers' Guild.

MAGISTRATES AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. H. J. Johnston in writing to you cites the following two passages from your article:—"In common criminal cases he (the magistrate) is right, and sympathy is a virtue." "But he misconceives the Sanitary Acts entirely if he administers them with this idea."

Mr. Johnston continues in his own words:—"Now, Sir, I seriously ask, has the day of fair play in English law courts been superseded by bias and prejudice against a class, the members of which however just their cause would fail to obtain justice? To carry it to its logical conclusion, the writer of the article would say, be sympathetic to the murderer, the forger, the bigamist and the burglar, but to the property owner extend no consideration. This in cold ink does not read well, but it is a fair deduction from the language employed."

Now, Sir, I submit that this in cold ink does read well—it reads very well indeed. I submit that there should be the fullest sympathy shown by magistrates for all humanity however degraded—even for millionaires; and I submit there should be no sympathy whatever shown for any kind of property. The distinction is between humanity on the one hand and the merely material on the other. Without any revolutionary interference with the rights of property we may well hold that property owners are trustees, qua what they possess, for the public, and most certainly until this public trust is acknowledged no Public Health Act can have full effect. Not even the most temperate and thrifty member of Mr. Johnston's association has a right to make provision for his old age and accumulate a little inheritance for his children if such personal advantages involve the public disadvantages of foul drains or dirty ceilings.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE GOOD WORK OF A CITY CHURCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

All Hallows, London Wall, E.C.

22 March, 1905.

SIR,—I shall be most grateful if you will allow me to lay before your readers my pecuniary wants in regard to the early morning work at All Hallows. When, some three years ago, I was appealing for donations towards the erection of the Men's Hall, you were good enough to say: "We cannot imagine a social scheme more practical, or more deserving support. The iconoclasts, clerical or other, who would destroy our City churches, might consider to advantage the work Mr. Montague Fowler is doing."

The hall is now an accomplished fact, and is greatly appreciated. Every weekday morning, between the hours of 6.30 and 9, All Hallows Church is filled with an average of 250 women and girls, and the Men's Hall with an average of 120 men. These men and women (as your readers are doubtless aware) are compelled to travel from the northern suburbs to the City by the cheap workmen's trains, and they come to us to rest during the hour or hour and a half between their arrival at the railway terminus and the commencement of their work. Books, papers, and magazines are supplied, hymns are sung, and a short daily service is held. There is a coffee-bar attached to the hall, where tea, coffee, &c., are sold at low rates, and this is widely patronised.

The physical and religious benefits resulting from the effort are, I venture to think, beyond question. The expenses, however, connected with the organisation of this work have grown in proportion to the success of the movement, and I am endeavouring to raise a sum of £600, which will, I am confident, enable me to place the work on a firm financial basis. Any contributions your readers are good enough to entrust me with will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
MONTAGUE FOWLER, Rector.

P.S.—May I ask that cheques or postal orders may be crossed "Bank of Scotland"?

[This evidence of continuity in the morning work at All Hallows completes the testimony to its excellence. In social and religious work continuity is the most difficult, as it is the most important, thing to secure. Mr. Montague Fowler has more than established his claim, at any rate on London Churchmen. The £600 ought to be given readily.—ED. S.R.]

THE DESTRUCTIVE SMOKE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Some time ago you called attention to the evil of the small boy's smoke. It has never been so seriously threatened as now. The Physical Regeneration Society, which has helped to frame Dr. Macnamara's bill, has exercised a considerably persuasive effect on the public, though the House of Commons still takes the fitness of its citizens with very insufficient seriousness. If there were a moral regeneration society, it would perhaps be equally concerned. At present vast numbers of small children who do the household shopping for their parents purchase slightly smaller quantities of food and pocket the spare farthings. People intimate with the way of the London child consider that the desire for the cigarette, that pillar of premature manhood, is the chief stimulus, though a threepenny ticket for the music-hall runs it close. As usual the moral and the physical are closely intertwined. The boy steals and by the same act of theft the food is reduced. But above all the vitality is lowered; the verdict of the hero of "Jackanapes" "Tony is dying in the churchyard" and the refrain of the Oxford poet "Nuper est extinctus Jones; causa mortis cigarette" have a general application from the particular victim to the general sacrifice. The example of the Japanese, who forbid smoking to all people under twenty, should help the progress of the Bill.

I am, yours truly,
T. B. W.

REVIEWS.

LETTERS IN GOLD FILIGREE.

"The Golden Bowl." By Henry James. London: Methuen. 1905. 6s.

THE years are past when one's interest, one's concern, in opening a new book by Mr. Henry James was to discover how far he had retained or by how much he had modified his wonderful manner, which, first revealed to us in "The Tragic Muse", seemed to attain completeness in "The Spoils of Poynton". That manner, which has, as it were, shut a water-tight door on Mr. James' admirers, and made them feel themselves, unfortunately, but inevitably, a little community of the elect, is now as surely a part of his speech as a tone of voice or an alien accent, and one's preoccupation, with each fresh presentment, has been transferred to the material on which it is to be used. And for this reason. Wonderful as the manner is, intrinsically subtle, hyperaesthetically discreet, it is exposed alike by its subtlety and its discretion to a too easy satisfaction in its sources of interest. With existence so absorbingly perplexed, so prismatically transfigured, the subject matter of romance becomes of a quite serious unimportance to the adroit manipulator; indeed, as his sense of the magic colour in every part of its web grows insistently acute, he is even led to avoid those parts of it which are impressed with the big dramatic patterns, lest these should divert attention from the exquisite intricacy of texture on which his thoughts are set. Such a danger confronts every writer who is primarily interested in what is to his public of only secondary account, and it is the greater danger to Mr. James, since his genius is essentially dramatic and, lacking the saliences of drama, as high mountain peaks, to lead him from one wide outlook to another, is apt to keep us too long wandering in valleys beneath mountain mists of hypothesis and speculation.

The dramatic quality of Mr. James' work may not be obvious to readers who measure dramatic force rather by its disturbance than its significance. The stage, always eager for the obvious, has publicly affianced drama to a fury of gesture and a high voice, preferring its spent forces to its springs; but to productive intensity, the pregnancy of action is of more importance than its barren effect, however astounding; and thus putting a knife into one's pocket may have in it more of drama than putting it into a man. It is by the exhibition of what one may call deferred action that Mr. James achieves his dramatic effects, and by it he practically tells the whole story.

This is why the success of his method depends on the significance and variety and, one might add, the humanity of the dramatic moments arising naturally from his theme, and why, too, being such a perilous and impossible author to "skip", he is represented so often by professional skippers as an extremely involved and difficult writer. Yet, with the exception of an occasional sentence which has been asked to carry more than it conveniently can, Mr. James is, considering all he has to say, very easily followed by those who read him.

But he is so exact, so continuous in his presentation of ideas, that often the omission of a single sentence may confuse the purpose of a page, and the omission of a page render unintelligible the dramatic moment—even if that be not missed too—on which an interpretive interest in the tale depends. For though these moments are few, they are tremendously led up to. Between the curtain's rising on each fresh tableau there is an intricate and indefatigable training of our perception to obtain the full effect of it. Without such training, indeed, the tableaux would not count for much; for pregnant as they are with action, they are themselves often so still, so slight, so dependent on, perhaps, the lifting of an eyebrow, or the length of a glance, that unless announced in Mr. James' deliberative way, one might scarcely notice them. Take the first meeting of Charlotte Stant and the Prince—the first, that is, of which we are spectators. As she enters the room, "she could have looked at her hostess

with such直ness and brightness only from knowing that the Prince was also there". Such a regard may not seem much of a clue; yet to the Prince "that immediate exclusive address to their friend was like a lamp she was holding aloft for his benefit and for his pleasure. It showed him everything". It is to show us everything too, though we have never seen before and scarcely heard of Charlotte, and have spent a short half-hour with the Prince; everything, even to her having once so loved him that "she might have been anything she liked—except his wife". The peculiar significance of Charlotte's address is not a fair example of the author's wonderful manner, since it occurs at the opening of the story, and our intelligence, instead of being prepared, has to be coaxed back to appreciate it; but it quite fairly represents the claim he makes on our attention, and the delicacy and energy of suggestion he obtains from his effects.

The most revealing and dramatic moment of the book is a woman's mere leaning out of a window. "Something in her long look at him now out of the old grey window"—it is again Charlotte and the Prince—"something in the very poise of her hat, the colour of her necktie, the prolonged stillness of her smile, touched into sudden light for him all the wealth of the fact that he could count on her". And it does, yes, just as wonderfully, touch into sudden light the fact for us as well, so that the rosebud she throws down to him has, by comparison with her appearance, no meaning at all. Hence it is that one has come to measure Mr. James' success by the amount and intensity of dramatic action which a theme will yield him. It is rather curious, perhaps no more than a coincidence, but the change in his manner, his substitution of implicit for explicit action, dates from days when he was a good deal occupied with that school of action, the stage. One would like to think that hours one so intensely grudged to that occupation have yielded so unlooked for a reward. Be that as it may, the somewhat surprising fact remains that the basis of Mr. James' later manner is dramatic, not didactic; and its drama is always, at its best, of a high and simple human interest.

It is true that the drama is often hid, like some secret queen, at the centre of a maze, a maze of fine shades and ultra-sensitive perceptions, which one might almost fancy to be here put half-humorously before us in the involutions of Mrs. Assingham. "She was a person for whom life was multitudinous detail, detail that left her, as it at any moment found her, unappalled and unwearyed." "My first impulse", she declared, "is always to behave, about everything, as if I fear complications. But I don't fear them. I really like them. They're quite my element". They are also, unquestionably, quite the element of Mr. James. It is almost impossible to conceive him placing a fact before us without its attachments. His vision of the social mechanism is so discriminating and so tenacious that one occasionally follows its amazing flights, as Bob Assingham did those of his wife's intelligence, "very much as he had sometimes watched, at the Aquarium, the celebrated lady who, in a slight, though tight, bathing suit, turned somersaults and did tricks in a tank of water which looked so cold and uncomfortable to the non-amphibious", and feel, as Mr. Verver felt when dealing with that same intelligence, "never quite sure of the ground anything covered". But that insecurity is, for some of us, one of the author's most seductive charms, even though he not infrequently seems to resemble the Prince "in liking explanations, liking them almost as if he collected them" and with the Prince also to share an "inability, in any matter in which he was concerned, to conclude". The book itself is evidence of that inability, for one sees, without wishing a word of it away, what its story might occasionally gain by a somewhat closer handling. Even to hint at that story would spoil the pleasure of the fortunate ones who have yet to follow its unfolding, for though Mr. James' dramatic effectiveness depends so largely on an historic vividness of emotion, it is in the exquisite flower-like opening of the fine petals of human feeling to the light, and in the atmosphere often so oppressively intense which he distils from character that his art displays its most essential quality.

What of atmosphere could be more wonderfully

wrought than the breathing of Adam Verver's gentle influence, his spirit of the connoisseur, which seems to touch to a rarity of beauty the shapes and colours of all things about him? Charlotte, with that shade of tawny autumn leaf in her hair which suggested at moments "the sylvan head of a huntress"; her free arms, with "the polished slimness that Florentine sculptors, in the great time, had loved"; the Prince, with his dark-blue eyes like "the high windows of a Roman palace, of an historic front by one of the great old designers, thrown open on a feast day to the golden air"; or Maggie, with "the blurred absent eyes, the smoothed, elegant, nameless head, the impersonal flit of a creature lost in an alien age and passing as an image in worn relief round and round a precious vase";—what are these, with their air of the antique, but a subtle diffusion of Adam Verver's fine perception to steep the more threatening edges of the story in the glamour of his tender soul? What Mr. James can thus achieve may be set forth, in conclusion, by one astonishing example. He is showing us the effect on a wife's mind of the "awfulness" of the relation between her stepmother and her husband. "The situation had been occupying, for months and months, the very centre of the garden of her life, but it had reared itself there like some strange, tall tower of ivory, or perhaps rather some wonderful, beautiful, but outlandish pagoda, a structure plated with hard, bright porcelain, coloured and figured and adorned, at the overhanging eaves, with silver bells that tinkled, ever so charmingly, when stirred by chance air."

POLITICS AND LOVE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

"The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745—1826." Edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale. London: Murray. 1904. 10s. 6d. net.

ABOUT the politics and the society of the eighteenth century there is a perennial charm, owing to the note of intimacy that runs through both, which in turn is due to the fact that each runs into the other. Or, to put it a little differently, one might say that in the Georgian era politics and society are two rooms in the same mansion, for a third of the House of Commons was nominated by the House of Lords, and a third by the Government, and the remaining third was made up of the nephews and cousins of the first two. That is why the gossip of private letters and the saloons of those days was so political and personal. The short political sketch of the years 1760 to 1763 by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, is to us the most interesting part of this collection of eighteenth-century documents. The accession of George III. was a very critical period in English history. The House of Hanover had been on its trial during two reigns for forty-six years, and it is doubtful whether the British people would have endured another German-speaking mistress-keeping monarch. Luckily George II.'s grandson was "English, quite English, you know", and a pattern of domestic morality. The gallant struggle which George III. made with Lord Bute, his mother's friend, to shake off the tyranny of the great Whig families could have no better qualified historian than Henry Fox. The young King did not succeed at the moment: he was inexperienced, and had to swallow insults from the Duke of Richmond, and to suffer imbecilities from the Duke of Newcastle, and finally to part with Lord Bute and pass under the yoke of the Dukes of Bedford and Grafton, of Pitt and of Grenville. But George III. had one of the qualities of genius: he could bide his time, and in ten years he "downed" the Whigs first with Lord North and afterwards with Chatham's son. Lord Holland's brief and pithy memoir only relates to the short-lived ministry of Bute, with his cry of "purity and prerogative". The elder Fox was brought up under the Pelhams, and had amassed a fortune by the use he made of the huge balances which were left in his hands as Paymaster of the Forces. With a sardonic sense of humour he actually lent to

the Government these balances, and bought and sold the funds with a skill which an operator in Capel Court might envy. For purity therefore Henry Fox could have had no enthusiasm: but he always speaks of Lord Bute with respect and gratitude, very different from his bitter prejudice against Pitt, whom he declares to be not only unprincipled, but "a very silly fellow". This view of Lord Chatham was not shared by the majority of his contemporaries and has not been endorsed by posterity. But something must be allowed to the jealousy of a disappointed rival, and we dare say that, seen close, Pitt's follies and foibles loomed unpleasantly large. As a rule Lord Holland's comments on his contemporaries, though caustic, are shrewd. Of Henry Legge, one of Lord Dartmouth's sons, who became Chancellor of the Exchequer, he writes, "he has through life no sooner got preferment from one patron than he look'd to his adversary and probable successor for the preservation or augmentation of it". There are still a good many Legges about in all professions. Of the prejudice against Lord Bute he observes philosophically, "Every man has at some time or other found a Scotchman in his way, and everybody has therefore damn'd the Scotch; and this hatred their excessive nationality has continually inflamed". Lady Ilchester tells us in her introduction that her son, Lord Stavordale, worked up the political notes to Lord Holland's memoir. They are very well done, and undoubtedly show "a very careful and exhaustive examination" of the period. But they are too numerous, and to be distracted from the text to a footnote only to learn the recondite fact that Woburn is the country seat of the Duke of Bedford is rather exasperating. The well-known story of the youthful King's love affair with Lady Sarah Lennox is very well told in these letters. It would have been a good thing for himself and his dynasty if George III. had married the Duke of Richmond's daughter, for, as her subsequent life showed, Lady Sarah was a woman in a thousand. It was only natural that her relatives and friends should have been furious when a German princess was selected by the Royal family: and old Lord Holland writes, when Lady Sarah became engaged to Mr. Bunbury: "At this very time H.M. was very very ill. It might well have but it had no relation to his ill-usage of that sweet girl and worse of himself in her regard."

The letters in this volume are a real romance of the eighteenth century, far more romantic than the novels of Richardson or Fielding. In a luxurious, prosaic, and irreligious age, when ideas were low and life was loose, these two beautiful girls, Lady Sarah Lennox and Lady Susan Fox Strangways, who were emphatically "in the world", sacrificed everything for the men they loved. At the height of her fame as a court beauty, Lady Sarah married Mr., afterwards Sir Charles, Bunbury, "not rich enough", writes Lord Holland, "but 'tis a match of her own making, and happiness don't depend on riches". But the absence of riches doesn't make happiness either, and Lady Sarah ran away from Sir Charles Bunbury with Lord William Gordon. Lady Sarah Bunbury lived in seclusion at Goodwood for a number of years, and having been divorced from Sir Charles, she married Colonel the Hon. George Napier, and became the mother of three famous soldiers, Sir Charles, Sir George, and Sir William Napier, the last being the author of the history of the Peninsular War. Lady Susan Fox Strangways, a daughter of Lord Ilchester, Lord Holland's brother, eloped with Mr. O'Brien, a good-looking, charming, and clever young Irishman, who is described as "closely connected with the theatrical profession", and who had not a shilling. He certainly was never tainted with the vulgarity of success, for he appears to have been quite incapable of earning anything. Yet the marriage was a perfectly happy one, though the shiftless, thriftless Irishman and his titled wife lived on about £400 a year. There is an air of irresponsible paradox about these two lives which is delightful. Those who read memoirs and letters—and they are a large public—will be grateful to Lady Ilchester for her contribution to their stock of amusement and information.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES.

"Sketches on the Old Road through France to Florence." By A. H. Hallam Murray. Accompanied by Henry W. Nevinson and Montgomery Carmichael. London: Murray. 1904. 21s. net.

THERE is a fashion just now in road-books, a fashion in revolt, no doubt, against the swift and undelaying mechanisms of progress. First Mr. Belloc trod "The Road to Rome", then another "Old Road" in England; then Mr. Hewlett lingered on "The Road in Tuscany". And now two commentators have "accompanied" an artist, the one through France to the Italian frontier and the other from that frontier to Florence. With the pictures we cannot profess to be wholly satisfied. We learn in a long advertisement all about the processes by which they have been printed in colour, but these processes, like all others, stop on the nearer side of achievement. Many of the drawings are pleasant and accomplished, especially the French ones; but the colour, as we see it in these reproductions, gives one no real pleasure, because it gives a dead and flat result, a lifeless smoothness, from which we can gain none of the illusion of actual colour. Nor can we recognise, in some of the Italian drawings, any real reflection of the colours of Italy.

Of the two commentators Mr. Nevinson is the more ambitious and the less attractive. He tries to weave his stuff into a decorative pattern, and writes at times very prettily and pointedly. He has a conscious style and a cold extravagance of fancy, as in the legend of M. Granbouche, the world-eater. But his style is never really vital, and his fancy never passes into imagination. He works upon almost a system, or literally an encyclopaedia, of allusions, as when, in Caen, he hears, through an open window, someone playing a Beethoven sonata, and that reminds him that he once heard the same sonata through an open window in Pretoria, on the day the British army entered it; and that reminds him of a cuckoo he heard in Macedonia, during the Greek war, "never stopping all the afternoon, no matter how loud the rifle rang". He indulges in the "pathetic fallacy" as crudely as this, of the rivers on the German frontier: "I sometimes think their happiness in remaining French has ever since given to their waters a peculiar radiance". A touch of imaginative feeling is always preparing us for some good thing which does not come, or which comes unwillingly, ungraciously, as if dragged by force. And the continual strain turns at last into a tediousness, like too epigrammatic journalism.

With the entrance of Mr. Carmichael all is changed. Here there is no strain, no ambition, no attempt to be impressive; some of the talk is not greatly entertaining and none is very rigorously condensed. But the whole temper of our guide is a relief. Nothing can overcome his inexhaustible good-humour, not even waiting for a train at a country station, which he twice sets down as a privilege. He gives two full pages of thanks to the people who have helped him in his book, and the list ends with "fisherfolk, boatmen, cabmen, workmen, contadini without end—God bless and prosper them!—and last, but not least, my ever-communicative friends, the beggars". His local knowledge (need we wonder, after these two pages?) is amazing, and he spares us none of it. There is one chapter of very serious historical interest, a detailed account of the burning of Shelley's body at Viareggio, which contains new facts and new views of importance. He has much to tell us that is new, or little known, on Church ceremonies, on the religious orders, on the history of churches and buildings, and on such significant topics as the growth of olives and the marble quarries at Carrara. Here is a characteristic passage from the vivid account of Carrara: "The ancient mode of transport by oxen continues in high favour. On the road down in the early morning you will meet team after team, six, eight, ten, and even twelve pair, climbing laboriously up the hill. Dickens sneers at the clumsy carts of four hundred years ago! There is nothing the matter with the carts; they are solid, not clumsy; and exist after five hundred years because nobody has been able to improve upon

them". Elsewhere we find a fine onslaught on museums, and the bringing of things away from the places for which they were made. The beautiful places of Tuscany are praised by a lover, Florence and Pisa in chief; and if he says more for Florence than can rightly be said for any place in the world, at least it is pleasant to hear him say it with so engaging a conviction. Pisa who could over-praise?

The main qualities of Mr. Carmichael's narrative, then, are its kindness and its exactitude. But, quietly written as it all is, there are frequent, almost unconscious, indications of a rare taste and a curious sensibility to delicate sensations. Take, for instance, the passage on the prose of Leopardi; on "the most beautiful of all fires, the flame of the wax candle"; on "that joy the 'Letizia', the most delicious biscuit in the world"; and on the words of praise and prayer that in the Duomo of Florence "infallibly fly to their destination" up the reverberating dome. It is in such indications as these that Mr. Carmichael shows us, for a moment, the other side of the unaffected, accommodating, and almost too well-informed cicerone.

CLASSICAL "ATMOSPHERE".

"Land and Sea Poems." By Arthur Legge. London: Lane. 1904. 3s. 6d.

"William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poacher." By R. Garnett. London: Lane. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

"At Shakespeare's Shrine." Edited by C. Forshaw. London: Elliot Stock. 1904. 3s. 6d.

"Ave Regina." By Hugh Macnaghten. London: Allen. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Historical Tragedy of Nero." By K. H. D. Cecil. London: Kegan Paul. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Garden of Francesca." By H. Cullimore. London: Mathews. 1905. 2s. 6d.

"The Face of the Night." By F. M. Hueffer. London: MacQueen. 1904. 3s. 6d. net.

"Songs from a Northern Garden." By Bliss Carman. London: Murray. 1905. 2s. 6d.

FROM the classics, except in the domain of humour, is no way of escape. We have selected from a shelf-load of verse-books all that seemed to us of any distinction, and on a survey of the selected heap all but two had the classical note. Even some volumes of translations seemed to have more originality than the efforts of the most modern lyricist. Quite the most modern in some ways is Sir Richard Garnett, who goes no further back than Shakespeare; but no one who ever visited his sanctum at the British Museum will deny to him the classical note. His tables were hidden by books, books were on the floor, the walls were all books, and when the bookshelf door closed no hint was left of any escape from the unbroken casing of books. Their influence is apparent on every page of this lively little drama. The tissue of the language is made up of the phrases of the English classics. It is probably intentional and half-humorous anachronism that Shakespeare, presently to appear as a young man, is quoted by the old knight on the first page. On the last page it is a nice question whether the line "making a sunshine in a shady place" is an anachronism or not. It is adopted without benefit of quotation marks, was actually written by Spenser at the date of this play, but it is probably transferred from the "Faery Queen" to this play by unconscious memory. The works were all about him when he wrote. Yet on reading again the humorous parodies of euphuism and some of Shakespeare's own speeches one is forced to the conviction that half the subtle humour is the conscious piecing together of bits of Elizabethan literature. Sir Richard Garnett has also had a part in another Shakespearean plot, the compilation of a sort of anthology of verses written about Shakespeare, which is prefaced by an essay on Shakespeare as tinker of other people's work. The anthology would have been all very well without the

verses specially written for the work and some of the modern tributes. There is a real value in having grouped together verdicts of different generations, but the value is lost by the neglect of chronological order or indication of date. It is a pity that the common mistake in the "small Latin and less Greek" passage is given further authority. There is no question that "would" is preferable to "will", and possibly a new interpretation may hang on the alteration. Does not Sir Richard Garnett himself in his play quote Aubrey to the effect that "Shakespeare understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country"?

Mr. Legge leans on the classics more for his subject matter than his manner, which is sometimes half Browning's and often quite his own. He begins his volume with a poem on "La Jeune Fille" and ends with an ode on "A Suburban Junction" which are modern enough. But his "Cleopatra", "Eurydice", and "Prometheus" are at least as full of original stuff as the rest; and on the whole more finely thought—

And slowly we discern Thy worn, proud face,
The fire that lights Thy haggard eyes, the grace
Of Thy bound limbs,
Cramped with long pain—ah, let the picture stand!
Nothing in all our later knowledge dims
This dream from an old land.

The fact is there, unmistakeable. The classical myths as told, and indeed partly made by great poets, have a symbolic virtue that is seldom challenged. The Elizabethans saw a new earth and expressed the dream. Wordsworth and his company have discovered new beauties in an old earth. Our great religious poets have each for himself seen a new heaven and expressed it. Satire and criticism appear and reappear in verse; but this nostalgia for the old dreams is still common to all poets; and in the intervals, which are long, between great national verse, such as the Elizabethan, great nature verse such as the pre-Victorian, great religious verse, such as Walton read, the poets whether they will or no find their staple inspiration in Greece and Rome.

Mr. Macnaghten is of all the most classical in subject, even to the little headings from Aristotle, and in manner. He is careful of words. There is something of the epigrammatist in all he does, a balancing of words, a determination to put the thought, whatever it is, just so and no otherwise, until sometimes at the worst the contrasted phrases make a thing satisfactory only as a cenotaph. We can find no lyric note. Nothing that Mr. Macnaghten writes is "half angel and half bird" or half of any two things. The note is completeness, which is the mark of the classics. At his best Mr. Macnaghten goes near to rivalling such poetic epigrams as the Platonic "*ἀστέρας ἀριθμόν*" and the in memoriam verses are of a quality of extreme fineness. No phrase, no word jars and the sympathy is real. But it is a trap to any man with the poet in him to polish rounded epigrams or epigrammatic lyrics whenever anything occurs, "merry or sad to tell". The muse is dead whose inspiration you can foretell and epigram is her dying infirmity. Mr. Macnaghten should take to heart the theme of one of his simplest and most delightful verses: "Ελλύπες οὐ πάθεις".

Not only English writers are called to the classics. There is no connexion except the classical attraction between Mr. Macnaghten's epigrams and the long and worthy "Historical Tragedy of Nero". It is the work of a young writer and the name "Cecil" is perhaps too English to be real. On the assumption that the play is written by a young man and a foreigner it is a remarkable tour de force. The note is an unvarying maintenance of the Elizabethan idiom; and how often in reading anything written by Eastern students of English one has reason to feel shame that they alone—must we except Mr. Bernard Shaw?—naturally speak and write the greater language. The writer of this play collapses almost ridiculously when he approaches the conversational; the rhythm is often awkward and ungainly, and one cannot say of the blank verse in general that it has character. But at the

worst the language never slips out of the Elizabethan, a virtue that we may presume to be the happy result of learning English through the medium of its greatest writers. Even the mechanical structure, alternation of scenes and variation of note, by which the story is developed, suggest the Shakespearean model. The play is not great in any sense, nor is it even a finished piece of work, but imagination is in it, some power of telling a story and a wonderful absorption of the Elizabethan vocabulary and substantive turn of phrase.

The story of Paolo and Francesca is hardly more resistible than Prometheus; and Mr. Cullimore glories in his tribute to his predecessors. Paolo reads to Francesca from Malory; his flower comparison has its debt to Shakespeare, his song to an anonymous Elizabethan. But the plagiarism is entirely successful and justified. The little drama has absorbed the wonderful sentiment of the tale and the language is lissome and passionate and fresh. On the other hand when Mr. Cullimore seeks primary instead of secondary inspiration he is stiff and too academic, especially in the Shakespearean sonnets, a form that has defied almost everyone but Shakespeare.

Mr. Hueffer is always on the edge of poetry; perhaps he would more often plunge in if he did not confuse the arts of poetry and painting. The combination of course may give us verse of a quality which nothing else can. The "Blessed Damozel", for instance, owes as much to the painter as to the poet; but Rossetti is of all poets the most dangerous to his disciples. Antique affectations and precise particularities are another snare to Mr. Hueffer. A pretty little love lyric is spoiled by its sequence of vocatives; "Oh bright" is an affectation that cannot be faced; and we are desired to see significance in the different punctuation of "Oh, fair" and "Oh fair". "The sad He unto his weeping Dear" is too imitative. Sometimes the affectation of simplicity lands him in emptiness. Even in the delightful little play "Persévérance d'Amour" the very Rossetti-like blue pigeon is too much of the painter, painted.

Our colonial poets are certainly not classical; they are indeed too little classical. "Bliss Carman" has a very high degree of lyrical rhetoric and excels in description, as for example in "The Deep Hollow Road", not less conspicuously than he fails in such pieces as "Christmas Eve at S. Kavin's", with its curiously involved debt to "Rabbi Ben Ezra" and the "Ode on the Nativity". Verse misses more from lack of mechanical skill than the young-world maker of it will allow. "At Home and Abroad," very nearly a successful poem, is a curious example of omitted opportunity due to mechanical mistakes. The first verse ends with a very pleasing rhythmical effect with the line "And long noon hours". "You can look far down" ends the second verse. "Where fish the white sea birds" ends the third; and this common iambic beat with disastrously little relief is continued for the rest of the piece. It were worth while for a singer with so much natural music to compose a little more to the instrument.

THE LAST OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

"Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley." Edited by Rev. Father Gray. London: Longmans. 1904. 5s. net.

THESE "Last Letters" of Aubrey Beardsley will tell nothing to anyone who expects to find in them the genius which expressed itself finally in design. They are little notes about matters of fact, and there is hardly anything in them which is not concerned with the health of either body or soul. But, as a document, they have great value, and for the reasons which Father Gray indicates in his strong and sane preface. They come from one forced to live "upon the very bedrock of primal human conditions", and they render, in a terrible way, that primal and final egoism.

In these naked letters we see a man die. And the man dies inch by inch, like one who slips inch by inch over a precipice, and knows that the grasses at which his fingers tear, clutching their feeble roots, are but delaying him for so many instants, and that he must soon fall. We see a fine, clear-sighted intellect set on

one problem: how to get well; then, how to get a little better; and then, how not to get worse. He records the weather of each day, and each symptom of his disease; with a desperate calmness, which but rarely deserts or betrays him. To-day he feels better, and can read *Laclos*; to-morrow he is not so well, and he must hear no music. He has devotional books and pious friends for the days when he is driven back upon himself, and must turn aside his attention from suffering which brings despair. Nothing exists any longer, outside himself; and there may be safety somewhere, in a "preservative girdle" or in a friend's prayer. He asks for both. Both are to keep him alive. He meets at Mentone someone who seems worse than himself, and who yet "lives on and does things. My spirits have gone up immensely since I have known him". A change of sky, the recurrence of a symptom: "to-day, alas, there is a downpour and I am miserably depressed". He reads *S. Alphonsus Liguori*, and it is "mere physical exhaustion, more than hardness of heart, that leaves me so apathetic and uninterested". He clings to religion as to his friend, thinking that it may help him to keep himself in life. He trains himself to be gentle, to hope little, to attack the sources of health stealthily. A "wonderful stretch of good health", a few whole days of it, makes him "tremble at moments". "Don't think me foolish to haggle about a few months", he writes, when he is hoping, all the time, that "the end is less near than it seems". He is received into the Church, makes his first confession, makes his first communion. It seems to him that each is a new clutch upon the roots of the grasses.

The whole book is a study in fear, and by its side everything else that has been done, imaginatively or directly, on that fierce passion, seems mere oratory or a talking beside the question. Here Beardsley is, as he is in his drawings, close, absorbed, limited, and unflinching. That he should be so honest with his fear; that he should sit down before its face and study it feature by feature; that he should never turn aside his eyes for more than an instant, make no attempt to escape, but sit at home with it, travel with it, see it in his mirror, taste it with the sacrament: that is the marvellous thing, and the sign of his fundamental sincerity in life and art.

SCENES FROM THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

"The Channel Islands." Painted by H. B. Wimbush, described by Edith F. Carey. London: Black. 1904. 20s. net.

THIS book is well written. It belongs to a class of books that must appeal to two special sets of readers—those who read it because they dwell among, or are intimately acquainted with the scenes depicted, and those who study it in order to gain a fuller knowledge of places which they know of only by hearsay. If the former class consult it they will find full and detailed accounts of legends, traditions, stirring scenes of bygone days, genealogies of leading families, with graphic descriptions of insular customs and usages. The history, generally, is authentic and trustworthy, while an enormous number of authorities have been consulted and no pains have been spared in the attempt to trace the story of these ancient dependencies of the British Crown. This information, full and complete as it is, and of a nature that interests at once natives and residents, is too full of detail for the other class of readers who are to be attracted to visit these islands, England's sole remnants of the old Duchy of Normandy. From an educational point of view it is to be regretted that there is no mention of the ancient grammar schools of S. Mannelier and S. Anastase in Jersey, nor of Victoria College, a memorial of Queen Victoria's visit to the island in 1846. The establishment of Elizabeth College, in the sister island of Guernsey, is duly chronicled.

The ecclesiastical history of the island, for some time after the Reformation, is lacking in clearness of detail. It would appear as if no steps at all were taken to restrain the "ministers of the newly reformed church being Frenchmen reared in the school

of Calvin" from pressing Presbyterian forms of worship and discipline, to the exclusion of the Liturgy of the Church of England. What are the facts? Elizabeth was anxious to retain Episcopacy and though she yielded in part to the importunity of the new comers she limited her indulgence "to the single church [S. Helier] of which they were already possessed; strictly forbidding any change or innovation in the rest where she would have the same *order of service which was ordained and set forth within her Realm* to be continued unalterably". The description of Jersey is particularly good and ably written bringing out clearly the great contrast between the physical features of the north and south sides of the island. There is an unfortunate slip in a statement in one part of the book which describes the Jersey Court House as situated in the Market Place or Royal Square. We should read "old Market Place", as no market has been held in the Royal Square for a great number of years.

The seventy-six plates in the volume, as works of art, can hardly be called good, the colouring being exaggerated, in some cases unnatural. Nor do they always give the best impression of the scenes they depict. Of these twenty-nine are apportioned to Jersey, by far the largest of the group, thirty-two to Guernsey, and the remainder to the smaller islands. The author seems to have a particular predilection for the parish of S. Brelade, in Jersey, allotting to it sixteen views and leaving only thirteen for the other eleven parishes. It is at least strange that there is not a single illustration of the coast scenery of Jersey from Plémont to near Mont Orgueil Castle, though that part of the island is rightly described as consisting of "rugged cliffs of desolate grandeur broken into beautiful bays and inlets". It will suffice to mention two localities in which an inadequate idea of the scenery is given. Grosnez Point, at the north-west corner of Jersey, is a bold, bluff headland, among the finest examples of cliffs in the island, but it is impossible to recognise its grandeur in the slightly elevated rocks that are shown in the plate. The two views of S. Aubin give a very feeble representation of this small but ancient town. It would be possible to obtain a far more striking view from the heights near La Haule. There is very much that is pleasing in the romantic picturesqueness of the old bits of S. Peter Port, while the fine coast scenery of Guernsey and Sark is well portrayed. But the too excessive glossings of the plates is a disadvantage.

THE GAME-BIRDS AND WILDFOWL OF INDIA.

"Game, Shore, and Water Birds of India, with additional references to the allied species in other parts of the world." By Colonel A. Le Messurier. Fourth edition. London: Thacker. 1904.

EVER since its first issue no less than thirty years ago, Colonel Le Messurier's book has enjoyed great popularity with the shikaris of India, and the multiplication of its editions is not to be wondered at, though the alterations are not by any means always in the nature of improvements. The third edition gave us an excellent general plan, and a quantity of illustrations which, though generally coarse and often unrecognisable, were yet of a certain practical value to the beginner. In this, however, appeared the tedious introduction, a réchauffé of British Museum labels, full of technicalities and allusions to unfamiliar birds; and in the present edition this is aggravated by the insertion of utterly inadequate descriptions of extra-Indian species related to those more especially dealt with in the original work. Considering that the diagnoses of these Indian birds were susceptible of very much improvement, it is a pity that the time wasted in incorporating all this new matter was not bestowed on a thorough revision of the work as it stood.

With all its faults, however, the book is still useful, and will be of great assistance to the numerous class of sportsmen - naturalists which the extraordinarily varied animal population of our Indian Empire has always encouraged. In India two worlds of bird-life

meet ; there are the tropical residents, adapted to a life in evergreen surroundings under a burning sun, and the migrants from the north, which flee from the rigours of the Arctic winter to enjoy the delightful temperature of India in the cold months. Happy, indeed, are the wild-fowl whose line of migration takes them to Indian plains and swamps when the northern tundras become uninhabitable. No cruel frosts starve them out, and although their natural enemies are in full force, they have less to fear from human persecution than in almost any other country. A certain number may fall victims to net or noose, and perish miserably of hunger and thirst in the hands of the native hawker, who never dreams of attending to their wants so long as he can get them sold ; but on the whole the winter fowl probably do almost as much harm to the native population as they receive from them, for the raids of cranes and geese upon the crops are difficult to avert where fire-arms are so few and the cultivators so little addicted to sport.

The English sportsman can, under these conditions, enjoy delightfully varied shooting, from the wary raiders of the rye's fields to an abundance of snipe hardly to be realised in the frost-bitten West. And as for the duck, their name is legion, although the proportions of the varied species is different from that obtaining with us. The garganey teal and the gadwall are much more abundant than mallard and wigeon, and the white-eyed and red-crested pochards and ruddy sheldrake, in England rarities hunted to the death by collectors, are of common occurrence in India, especially the first-named, which is very numerous indeed. On the other hand, none of the true sea-ducks, such as eiders or scoters, reaches the Indian seas, where indeed all sea-fowl are comparatively scarce ; even gulls are not abundant, possibly because the garbage of the coasts has to be shared with kites and crows, or more probably because the gull constitution is usually not very tolerant of heat. None of the European gulls kept at the Calcutta Zoological Gardens did well there, while the only species really common in India "survived successfully".

The plover and sandpiper tribe are, however, in great force, though chiefly as winter migrants ; but, as is also the case with the ducks, some of them which we associate with the sea-shore at home are common inland in India, as they are not compelled by the pressure of frost to take to a beach-combing existence. Unfamiliar species in Europe are also common here to an even greater extent than in the case of the web-footed tribe ; thus the common golden plover of India is not the European species, which is merely a rare straggler, but the slightly smaller Asiatic bird, which also inhabits America. Eastern conditions cause this plover to display a habit which seems very strange to those who know it in Europe ; the flocks may often be found resting on water-lily leaves in the jheels, a situation in which one would think moorhens would be more at home.

The moorhen itself is found in India, but is not the familiar bird it is in Europe, its place being taken for the most part by the pretty white-breasted waterhen, a bird of most remarkable vocal abilities, its strange booming note being one of the most characteristic sounds on any bird-haunted piece of water. This bird is a resident, and is one of the commonest aquatic species in the East ; the most abundant of all being probably the curious little heron commonly known as the paddy-bird, from its frequenting the rice-fields, though as a matter of fact it may turn up anywhere, even at a little garden tank. Native proverbial wisdom says that the unjust man is like the paddy-bird, as he does not show himself in his true colours ; and certainly the change from brown to white as this heron takes wing is one of the most startling surprises in nature, the colouration being so arranged that no light tints are conspicuous in repose. There is quite a hierarchy of herons in the East, from that rare visitant, the Goliath Heron, far larger than our grey bird (which is also Indian) to the tiny dwarf bitterns hardly bigger than thrushes. Most beautiful of all is the exquisite auburn-and-white cattle-egret, a constant attendant on grazing animals, from whose hides it picks ticks, or captures the grasshoppers which they disturb in walking. This method of living keeps its graceful

form constantly in action, and as it is a resident, like most of the Indian herons, it is a constant ornament of the pastoral landscape.

So many wading-birds, indeed, enliven Indian scenery as to show conclusively that in their cases, as in that of some of the birds of prey, it is not Western civilisation, but Western destructiveness—now-a-days conveniently cloaked with the much-stretched mantle of "science"—which is responsible for their rare occurrence in our islands.

The glory of Indian ornithology is, however, the number of species of the pheasant family which inhabit the empire, all, of course, as residents, except that widely spread migrant, the common quail. No one needs to be told that peafowl and poultry originally came from India ; and they still figure prominently in the game of the country, though the sanctity of the former in many places puts him out of court as a sporting bird. The wild cock, however, is an excellent substitute for the pheasant, and has been found to do well along with that bird in English coverts, a fact which is not so well known as it deserves to be. The native pheasants of India are not found in the plains, and as there is little preservation, they are not so numerous, even in their mountain homes, as they ought to be. When they are properly taken in hand they should give unrivalled sport, as there are so many species, all differing in habits and habitat. The most splendid and one of the best sporting species, is the glittering Impeyan pheasant or monaul, a truly alpine bird, which ranges in summer almost up to the snow-line in the Himalayas.

The large mammalian game of this glorious region, however, throws the birds, fine as they are, rather into the background from the sportsman's point of view ; it is the denizens of swamps and plains which afford the usual sport to the gunner to whom this work has so long appealed.

NOVELS.

"Amanda of the Mill." By Marie van Vorst. London : Heinemann. 1905. 6s.

The early part of "Amanda of the Mill" is an unusually good piece of work—full of colour, life and force. Amanda is a fine-natured, delicate, pretty little "forest-child", primitive and wild as a Dryad, whose life is nearly drained out in the cruel slavery of a South Carolina cotton-mill. Miss van Vorst evidently writes with knowledge of her subject. Her book gives the impression of being written under the impulse of a burning indignation against the tyranny of the capitalist, and of fervent sympathy with the sufferings of those who are relentlessly sacrificed to his greed and ambition. There are some terrible pictures of the degradation and misery of these mill-hands, and at best the animal-like stupid acceptance of a sordid existence, which passes for contentment among these unhappy creatures. Amanda is rescued half-dead with exhaustion and conventionally provided for, and the later part of the book deals with her efforts to ameliorate the condition of her less fortunate fellow-workers. The story becomes tedious and didactic, the freshness and vitality of the earlier chapters seem to have evaporated, and the many faults of the writer grow glaringly apparent. Her style seems cruder and more careless, over-ambitious and florid to the point of absurdity. The plot from this point is incoherent and inconsequent owing to lack of constructive ingenuity, and the thought undisciplined. Nevertheless the book is unusual in its strength, in its sincerity of intention, and its terrible realism.

"From the Clutch of the Sea: a Story of Real Lives." By J. E. Preston-Muddock. London : Long. 1905. 6s.

We have found few recent novels so tedious as this, but we are bound to recognise that its writer has probably worked hard at its production. Unfortunately, however real the lives in question may be, the persons of the story are terribly wooden, the incidents chiefly sensational, the dialogue impossibly stilted, and the author's reflections trite and unnecessary. A middle-

aged man of obviously mysterious antecedents, a young woman apparently his ward, and a young man clearly a villain, are shipwrecked somewhere in Wessex, and the district puzzles over their affairs for some four hundred pages. A heroic youth (brother of the narrow-minded vicar but himself a pattern of English manhood), falls in love with the girl, and hence results much trouble spun out to a great length. He has first effected an heroic rescue: "I cannot stand here calmly: give me another line, I will go at all hazards". Mr. Muddock apparently cannot see that his phraseology stamps with the brand of the stage the stirring scenes in which he revels. "There are sights and sounds", as he sagely observes, "that are almost enough to make the human heart become stone". There are also books.

"When Wilderness was King." By Randall Parrish. London: Putnam. 1904. 6s.

Wilderness is certainly king of this story, inasmuch as the author handles his human puppets less securely than the wild scenery which is their setting. Admirable, for instance, is his description of the stormy waters of Lake Michigan and of the dreary sandhills of its shore. It is here that we become acquainted with Mr. Parrish's heroine, a recently bereaved orphan whom John Wayland came to rescue from the too close vicinity of Indians on the war path. John is the typical backwoodsman, brave, strong and rather stupid: Elsa is cut out on the pattern of Tennyson's Lynette, who flouted her lover while committing him to perilous enterprises. We have met her several times in Mr. Weyman's books; but Layland had not, and so of course he lost his heart to her at once. The love-making which ensued is rather stereotyped, but it is worth while reading of the evacuation of Fort Dearborn, of the passage of the white garrison through the Indian hordes, of the treachery of the redskins and Layland's rescue of Elsa. Here the pulse quickens as one reads. It would have been easy to overdo the horrors which attended the victory of the savages, but Mr. Parrish has avoided that error. He has not in this book conceived one original character; but he has proved himself an adept in the narration of adventures.

"A Little Union Scout." By Joel Chandler Harris. London: Duckworth. 1904. 3s. 6d.

Although this story will make its appeal primarily to Americans it will also be read with pleasure by those who like a dash of history with their romance. The author who is best known as the creator of "Uncle Remus" has woven his tale round the campaign of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. Belonging to the guard of General Forrest is a young soldier who is ordered to capture a Federal scout named Leroy who has succeeded in outwitting the Confederates. The scout turns out to be none other than a fascinating young woman with whom her captor speedily falls in love. The reader of romance will be prepared for the inevitable conflict in the young soldier's breast between love and duty, friendship and loyalty. The story is fresh and graphic although at times it drags a little. Of the characters in the book "Whistling Jim", the negro follower of the servant who always turns up just in the nick of time, is the most memorable.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Life of Sir John Beverley Robinson Bart." By Major-General C. W. Robinson. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1905. 16s. net.

Sir John Beverley Robinson's name is less familiar on this side of the Atlantic than it should be; he was for thirty-three years Chief Justice of Upper Canada and died in 1863 when President of the Court of Appeal. In a preface to this biography written by his son, Mr. G. R. Parkin points out that the career of the Chief Justice links up the stirring period of 1812-14 when the fate of Canada was decided by force of arms and the later constructive stage when were laid the foundations of a prosperous and self-governing community. Sir John's father was an Empire Loyalist, and the blood which ran in his veins was emphatically British. He spent a good deal of time in England, and his views on Canadian affairs,

though not always in harmony with those of the Imperial Government, were much sought by the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord John Russell at the time that the Union of the Canadas Bill was under discussion. His writings on Canadian affairs were marked by a full understanding of American ambitions. "It ought to be borne in mind that as an independent nation the United States have hitherto justified no expectation of a kindlier feeling toward our country than may be looked for from foreign Powers. On the contrary, at a moment when the best interests of the civilised world depended on the unequal contest in which Great Britain was engaged, the United States joined the number of her enemies, in the confident assurance that she must sink under the pressure". He was one of the earliest to foresee the advantage to the North American colonies of the union which took place four years after his death. Major-General Robinson's book not only tells the life-story of a personality of considerable interest and attraction, but throws many novel side-lights on events in Canada and the relations of the colony and Great Britain during a period of great imperial importance.

"Essays on Home Subjects." By John third Marquess of Bute. Paisley: Gardner. 1904. 7s. 6d.

The late Marquess of Bute was first a Scotchman and then a Catholic. He was attracted to liturgical study, and anti-quarian learning, for the sake of religion, rather than of theology, and we trace in all his essays the passionate longing to discover continuity between the popular belief of his own day, and that of the early Christian Church. His essays on "Ancient Celtic Latin Hymns" and "The New Light upon St. Patrick" display the most careful and laborious study. We have no space to quote from the Hymns, which are not only beautiful, but most interesting illustrations of the Celtic belief on the subject of the Mass and the Blessed Virgin. The essay on St. Patrick is valuable, for it shows that from the earliest period the Irish regarded the Saint as at least the equal of the Twelve Apostles. Their tradition is that Palladius sent by man (the Pope) failed to convert Ireland and that Patrick succeeded because sent by God. As on Peter the Church was founded elsewhere—so on Patrick was the Church founded in Ireland. This idea lies without doubt at the root of that insubordination to all universal authority, whether secular or ecclesiastical, which even in our own day marks the Irish race. Two essays are devoted to the Scottish Peerage and to a proposed Parliament for Scotland—the only two to which the title of the volume in the least applies. The essay on the Peerage is not admirable, for Lord Bute exhibits want of precision, and a surprising absence of critical power, as for example in his note on the illegitimacy of the Douglas Earls of Angus. The editor—unnamed—has added an occasional correction of the text in accordance with recent criticism and refers to Mr. Round's proof of the Stewart-Fitzalan pedigree. But the same author demolishes the Boyd pedigree which the editor does not mention. The essay on Parliament in Scotland is a plea, chiefly on social grounds, for Home Rule and is not convincing. The suggestion that the eight Dukes should be the only hereditary members is amazing, for not one of their titles existed before the Union of the Crowns. The only Dukedom of the fifteenth century was claimed fifty years ago but the claim was hustled out of Court, and there is not one of the sixteenth century in existence. In his essay on "Brendan's Fabulous Voyage" as a very charming religious romance, in which wonder succeeds wonder, each alleged miracle teaching the simple faith of Christianity, Lord Bute displays the capacity of a critic.

"The People's War in France." By Colonel Lonsdale Hale. London: Rees. 1904. 6s. net.

"Saarbrück to Paris." By Lieutenant-Colonel S. C. Pratt. London: Sonnenschein. 1904. 5s. net.

The Franco-German war has for long been a favourite theme with military historians; and perhaps in our own case its teachings have for too many years dominated the system of tactics which we have practised. It is easy to see how this occurred. For some years prior to 1870, the French army and its system had been held up to us as the pattern which we should follow implicitly; and when the supreme catastrophe of 1870 occurred it was only natural that the successes of the Germans should have been unduly magnified. The two books now issued cover the whole field of those great operations. Colonel Pratt's deals with the better-known part which closes with the downfall of the French Empire. This subject has so often been dealt with that little now remains to be said which is new. Still, Colonel Pratt's version of an old and well-known story is presented in a readable, if not in a novel, fashion. Colonel Hale's book treats of the little-known second phase of the campaign. Usually it is not realised that this was in truth a people's war, as a result of which the regular German armies found themselves opposed, not to regular troops and recognised and stereotyped methods of warfare, but to civilians determined to resist the invader. So complete had been the overthrow of the French regular armies that when Paris was invested only nine cavalry regiments, twelve

infantry battalions, and one battery remained complete in personnel and material. There was, however, of course in addition a large number of dépôt troops, which formed the main nucleus of the forces which the Provisional Government afterwards hastily organised. There can now be no question that this unexpected system of waging war upset most of the German calculations. The mistakes they perpetrated were consequently numerous and disastrous. But the plan throughout pursued in preparing the official history of the campaign was to ignore mistakes of any kind, and present a uniform picture of perpetual success. Nevertheless the veil has at last been lifted. Von Hoenig's writings and General von Blumenthal's journals have shed light in dark places; and welding together the information thus obtained from this and other sources, Colonel Hale has presented us with a deeply interesting and instructive account of the latter half of the great struggle.

"Cities of India Past and Present." By G. W. Forrest. Popular Edition. London: Constable. 1905. 5s. net.

Mr. G. W. Forrest's official position gave him unique opportunities for studying urban India as it is and as it was, and he made the most of them. Everyone who knows India may read his chapters with advantage and pleasure; to the armchair tourist they bring into striking reality the buildings, the character, the general appearance, in some cases almost the atmosphere of Bombay and Surat, Calcutta and Pondicherry, Benares and Agra and other places. To the intending visitor we should regard the book as almost indispensable. It is perhaps a little heavy to be carried about in one's hand, but no more delightful introduction could be wished to that life of the present which "in India far more than any part of Europe, even Italy", says Mr. Forrest, "is imposed upon the strata of successive past generations". Thus "Vedic, Brahminic, Buddhist and Muslim civilisations have flourished and decayed on the same spot", and it is impossible to tell in a city like Benares for instance when the Hindus began to build temples and tanks and ghats and made it a centre of Hindu life.

"Scientific Fact and Metaphysical Reality." By Robert Brandon Arnold. London: Macmillan. 1904. 10s. net.

When a young writer dies immediately after the publication of his first book and when that book is a record of promise rather than of performance there is little left for the critic to say. The present volume, which is an attempt to frame a scheme of the universe metaphysical in conception but inclusive of modern scientific views, can only be regarded as of value to the writer, as a necessary stage in his mental development, brought alas to a premature close by his sudden death. As it stands the book is essentially the work of a young man who had read many things and been stimulated in many directions, with the result that he was all on fire to pour out his opinions without waiting for the clarifying process which must precede selection. Turning over the pages we are met by every sign of youth—the extraordinary discursiveness, for every thought must be taken on the wing however much it may distract from the march of the argument—the parade of knocking down straw puppets erected for that purpose only—the desire to be up to date and include the latest word floating through the daily press. But we will not criticise the book as a contribution to metaphysics; we would prefer to recognise a thinker who had not come into possession of his own yet showed that he cherished an exalted ideal and thought nobly of the soul.

"Revolutionary Types." By Ida A. Taylor. Introduction by R. B. Cunningham Graham. London: Duckworth. 1904. 7s. 6d.

Miss Taylor's book consists of nine biographical sketches of typical revolutionaries, an introduction by Mr. Cunningham Graham, and a conclusion in which the author sums up with the general moral that it is not good business from the practical point of view to resist the political and social order. Her examples are Pym, Garrison, Washington, Benedict Arnold, Saint-Just, Toussaint L'Ouverture, John Mitchel, and the group of young Italians of '48. With the exception of Washington these all died in prison or by violence, and none of them saw the fulfilment of their dreams. But there is an idealistic way of regarding failure so that it shall be made to appear as the highest form of success. Mr. Cunningham Graham has recently taken this picturesque line which pleases by its paradox in his book of sketches entitled "Success"; and Miss Taylor appears to be a disciple who has extended in somewhat more formal and prosaic manner, though her book is well written, the text of her master. The account of Toussaint L'Ouverture, who is little more to most people than a name prefixed as title to one of Wordsworth's sonnets, is particularly interesting—no doubt partly because this unique negro leader's life and exploits are less familiar than most of the other heroes described by the author. The book is very readable both for the historical and biographical matter which it contains, apart from the moral.

Among reprints we are glad to see that Miss Bird's two delightful books of travel, "Six Months in the Sandwich Isles" and "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" (Murray, 2s. 6d.), have been republished. Neither type nor illustration suffers from the popular price."

"Revue Archéologique." Novembre-Décembre, Janvier-Février. Paris: Leroux. 1905.

M. Salomon Reinach gives us in these two numbers the continuation of his "Esquisse d'une histoire de la collection Campana", covering the acquisition of a portion of the celebrated collection for the South Kensington Museum, of another portion by the Russian Government, and of the bulk by Napoleon III. The last number for 1904 opens with a masterly article by M. W. Ameling on the "Diane à la biche" and the "Apollon du Belvédère", admitting once more a common authorship for the originals of both statues, and making some very interesting and plausible suggestions as to the differences between the original bronze of the Apollo and the present marble replica. A letter from Edhem Bey reports the recent discovery at Tralles of several fine marbles, photographs of which are affixed (Pl. xi.-xvi.). In the January-February number we get an excellent contribution by M. René Dussaud on the chronology of the Sidonian kings of the Eschmunazar dynasty. M. Dussaud places them between 470 and 410 B.C. M. Franz Cumont comes next with a short but very scholarly notice on the original cult of Anaitis, "the only goddess—as Mithra is the only god—in the whole Mazdean pantheon whose cult expanded outside Iran as far as the coasts of the Mediterranean Sea". M. Salomon Reinach endeavours but fails to show that a bronze statuette from the Tyzskievicz sale, now in Baron Edmond de Rothschild's collection, represents Alexander the Great (Pl. i. ii.). Father Ronzevalle S.J. contributes an interesting notice on some Syrian antiquities of the Greco-

(Continued on page 392.)

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Roman period, discovered in the Hauran, and his colleague Father Jalabert gives us interesting details on the finding at Byblos in October 1903 of a 6½ feet high marble statue of Poseidon, now at the Constantinople Museum: it is the first marble in a tolerably good state of preservation ever found at Byblos.

"The Antiquary." Vol. 40, 1904. London: Elliot Stock. 1904.

Few periodicals have done so much as the "Antiquary" to foster a taste for archaeology during the last twenty-five years. Since it first came into being popular interest in matters once looked upon as outside the province of those not wearing green spectacles has greatly increased, and archaeological societies have been unusually busy. It is therefore very natural that those responsible for this magazine should have decided to make the commencement of the second quarter of a century of its existence an occasion for adding to the bulk of its contents. Volume 40, January to December, 1904, inclusive shows that the result of last year's work in various parts of the world should contribute in large measure to the store of knowledge already gained. Egypt, Crete, Greece and Palestine very naturally take a first place, and continue to yield up their hidden treasures, but discoveries have been made also in many other places further afield such as British Honduras, Western Persia and Rhodesia. The series of articles on English Society during the Wars of the Roses gives a very fair sketch of the transition period from feudalism to modernity, and that on London Signs and their associations contains much curious information. Instances of vandalism have to be recorded from Berwick, Croydon, Newcastle and North Devon, but on the other hand it is pleasant to find many public-spirited bodies like the Corporation of Colchester taking steps to publish charters, print registers, and provide means for the preservation of those relics of the past of which they are the proper guardians.

ERRATUM.—In the ninth line of the quotation from "Hecuba" on p. 354 of the SATURDAY REVIEW for 18 March "seen" is a misprint for "been". The line should read:

"We had not been this splendour", &c.

A SURVIVAL AND A REVIVAL.

"Journal des Savants." Publié sous les auspices de l'Institut de France. Nouvelle série, 3^{me} année. No. 1, Janvier; No. 2, Février; No. 3, Mars. Paris: Imprimerie Nationale. Librairie Hachette et Cie.

When under Colbert's patronage—and by Royal license dated 8 August, 1664—Denis de Salo, "conseiller à la grande chambre", started the paper which was to be the prototype of all literary and scientific periodicals to come, he prefixed to the first issue of his "Journal des Scavans" (published 5 January, 1665) a preamble which—if only somewhat restricted—would still do as a prospectus to any contemporary paper of the same kind; he promised his readers (1) reviews of all the principal books published in Europe; (2) obituaries of any persons lately dead "célèbres par leur doctrine ou par leurs ouvrages"; (3) notices on all latest scientific discoveries and news; (4) law and university reports, French and foreign, adding "enfin on tâchera de faire en sorte qu'il ne se passe rien dans l'Europe digne de la curiosité des gens de lettres, qu'on ne puisse apprendre par ce journal".

The new paper kept true to its comprehensive plan, and became at once a great success, as shown by the fact that within the first year of its existence it was imitated in England, and translated in Italian as well as in Latin for German use under the title "Ephemeris eruditorum". For more than two hundred years it had been managed more or less on its original lines—first as a private undertaking patronised and subsidised by the Government—and from 1701 up to 1902, with an interruption of fourteen years during the Revolution and the First Empire, as a real State institution. Then the servants of the Third Republic in 1902 dropped it altogether, and very characteristically did this without even giving previous warning to the eighteen members of the Institut de France composing the editorial "bureau"! The Institut, however, rose to the occasion, and the five Académies decided not to let die "le père de tous les ouvrages de ce genre", as Voltaire called the "Journal des Savants", but to take it under their own wing and direct control. The old "bureau" of eighteen was replaced by a committee of five members representing the five classes of the Institut, viz. M. Gaston Paris (Académie française), Léopold Delisle (Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres), Berthelot (Académie des Sciences), Jules Guiffrey (Académie des Beaux-Arts), and R. Darest (Académie des Sciences morales et politiques), with the assistant librarian of the Institute, M. Henri Dehéran as secretary, and in January 1903 the first number of the new series was published. It appeared at once, from the contents of this first number, that the crisis was going to be a benevolent one, and that the blow intended to kill the "Journal des

Savants" would, on the contrary, give it a new life, more vigorous than ever. In fact, at no other time perhaps in its whole history has it reached such a high standard of interest as during 1903 and 1904. Unfortunately M. Gaston Paris, who had been the soul of the whole reorganisation, died a most untimely death at the end of 1903, but he was at once most worthily replaced by M. Gaston Boissier, another of the purest and noblest characters of the Académie française.

The three numbers issued January, February and March 1905, now before us, are quite equal to those published before. The one for January opens with a masterly review by M. Maurice Croiset of M. Paul Mazon's remarkable "Essai sur la composition des Comédies d'Aristophane", followed by articles by M. Élie Berger on "Innocent III. et l'Italie", by M. Ch. Langlois on "La comptabilité publique au XIII^e et au XIV^e siècle", and by M. E. Picard on "Les principes de la mécanique". The number for February owes its principal interest to a fascinating study by M. Camille Jullian, of Himilcon's and Pytheas' bold navigations beyond the Straits of Gibraltar, as far as the English Channel and the North Sea, in the beginning of the fifth and in the last quarter of the fourth century B.C. M. Darest gives us with his usual competence a sketch of Criminal Law in Greece, à propos of M. Gustave Glotz's "La solidarité de la famille dans le droit criminel en Grèce". M. L. Léger ("Le monastère Petchersky de Kiev") describes vividly the life of the monks of Russia in olden times, and M. Pariet ("La capitulation de Beylen") makes an important contribution to the history of the Peninsular war vindicating the memory of General Dupont. The number for March, issued this week, contains a very curious autobiography of a member of the Académie des Sciences, who died on 14 May, 1827, after having led a most eventful life; he was "conseiller intime" of the Cardinal de Rohan at the time of the "affaire du collier", sat on the "Convention Nationale", became "député des Hautes-Alpes" under Napoleon I., and was made by the Government of the Restoration one of the two French members of the commission appointed to settle the private claims of British subjects against the French Treasury.

Each number contains a "Chronique de l'Institut" summarising the work of the five Académies during the previous month—and miscellaneous articles on literature, science and art, thus remaining quite true to Denis de Salo's original programme of 240 years ago.

For this Week's Books see page 394.

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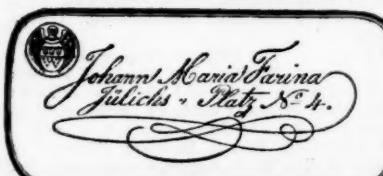
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By Order, FRANK BUSH, Secretary.

Offices: 709 Old Kent Road, London, S.E.
9th March, 1905.

CROWN REEF GOLD MINING CO., LIMITED.

Notice to Shareholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the next ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Shareholders in the above-named Company will be held in Johannesburg on Wednesday, the 7th of June, 1905, at 12 noon, for the following business:—

- (1) To receive and consider Statement of Profit and Loss Account and Balance Sheet and the Reports of the Directors and Auditors to 31st of March, 1905.
- (2) To elect Directors in the place of Messrs. H. C. Boyd and H. Strakosch, who retire by rotation in terms of the Trust Deed, but are eligible and offer themselves for re-election.
- (3) To confirm the Board's appointment of Mr. A. Reversbach as a Director of the Company, in the place of Mr. C. S. Goldmann, resigned.
- (4) To appoint Auditors for the ensuing year, and to fix the remuneration of the present Auditors.
- (5) To transact any other business which is brought under consideration by the Report of the Directors, and for any general business.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 29th of May to the 7th of June, 1905, both days inclusive.

Any new nominations for the position of Director of the Company must be notified in writing at the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least FIFTY CLEAR DAYS before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer wishing to be present or represented at the Meeting, must deposit their Share Warrants, or may at their option produce same at the places and within the times following:—

- (a) At the Head Office of the Company in Johannesburg at least 24 hours before the time appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (b) At the London Transfer Office of the Company, No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C., at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.
- (c) At the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas, 3 Rue d'Antin, Paris, at least 30 days before the date appointed for the holding of the Meeting.

By Order,
ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.
London Office: No. 1 London Wall Buildings, E.C.
22 March, 1905.

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Lt.-Col. FENERAN, Poplar Hospital, Blackwall, E.

NUNDYDROOG COMPANY.

THE twelfth ordinary general meeting of the Nundydroog Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., under the presidency of Captain W. B. McTaggart (Chairman of the Company).

The Secretary (Mr. Richard Garland) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: There are a good many features of interest in the report to which I should like to call your special attention. The quantity of quartz crushed during the year 1904 was 75,840 tons, which yielded 62,106 oz. of gold, or at the average rate of 16 dwt. 9 gr. per ton, and by the cyanide process 60,409 tons of tailings were treated, which produced 6,467 oz., or an average of 2 dwt. 3 gr. per ton. The total return therefore was 65,573 oz. of gold. Compared with the previous year there was an increase of 8,980 tons in the quartz milled, but, the grade having been 2 dwt. 15 gr. less per ton, the yield was reduced by 1,419 oz., while as to tailings the tonnage was lower by 363 tons, and the yield was 149 oz. less, so that in net result the returns show a diminution of 1,568 oz. for the year. The amount realised by the gold sales was £258,155, or, after deducting £12,822 paid for royalty, a net sum of £245,332. Other amounts received for transfer fees, rents, fines, and interest, brought the total revenue to £266,738. The working expenditure was £130,162.

There resulted therefore a profit of £136,536. Adding to the sum of £1,738 brought forward, there was a disposable balance of £118,395. Interim dividends have been paid during the year as follows: 1s. 3d. per share on July 21, and 1s. 6d. per share on November 17, amounting together to £66,550. The profit and loss account has also been debited with £5,224 for income-tax on profits; £3,575; for depreciation on machinery, pitwork, &c., and £2,500 for amount of special vote at the last general meeting, and there remained at December 31 a balance of undivided profit to the amount of £49,505. This enabled the directors to declare a final dividend for the year of 1s. 6d. per share on February 22, payable on March 22 inst., amounting to £36,300, and to carry forward the sum of £4,205. In this connection I might point out that this is the second largest amount we have ever had the pleasure of distributing to the shareholders, the amount last year being the only exception, when the dividend was slightly higher. But I would also call your attention to the fact that the carry-forward this year is considerably more than it was the year before—£4,000 odd, as against £1,700. Out of this we might have declared to you another 2d. in dividend; but it is not always advisable to divide right up to the hilt, and, having in view the late increase of capital, we thought it the safer and the wiser policy to carry a little more forward for this year. Still, as I said, the dividend is very slightly less than that of the best year we have ever had before. It is interesting to record that the amounts paid for the past year have brought the total distribution to over £1,000,000, the actual amount paid to the shareholders since the dividends began in the year 1885 being £1,036,680, which, I think you will agree, is a fairly good record. A large outlay was made on capital account under the heading of buildings, machinery, and plant, amounting to £23,345, and included a new fitting-shop and saw-mill, extension of the cyanide works winding-engine for Kennedy's Shaft, high-lift centrifugal pumps for Richards's Shaft, to be driven by electric power from the Cauvery system, electrical plant, and other necessary and important items. The addition to the cyanide plant is approaching completion and will probably be in operation during the present month. This will admit of an extra 2,000 tons of tailings being treated per month and raise the total capacity of the cyanide works to 7,000 tons per month. Therefore you see development work in all directions is proceeding at a great rate. Full details of the work accomplished are contained in the superintendent's report, to which the attention of shareholders is directed. It is to be regretted that, notwithstanding the very extensive developments, the reef opened up during the year has been for the greater part of low value, and the reserves of quartz have consequently been diminished, the estimated quantity laid open at the end of December being 58,600 tons, or 21,000 tons less than the estimate for the previous year. Mr. Richards, however, is of opinion that a comparatively barren horizontal zone of ground is being passed through, below which he has great confidence that the lode will reassume its former rich gold-bearing characteristics. Meantime, he calls attention to various improvements that have lately taken place at points along the bottom of the mine, which tend to confirm the views he has expressed, and from which considerable encouragement may be derived. You know how cautious and how careful Mr. Richards is not to put anything on paper which might lead to hopes which might not be realised. Now, this passing through barren zones of ground is no new experience, either in this company or in other companies working in the field. Mr. Richards holds out a very strong opinion that we shall shortly again strike the rich ore in depth. With regard to the reserves, a cable message from the superintendent, dated March 6, states that they have increased since the last advice—that is the end of the year—by fully 6,000 tons, and that the prospects generally are brighter. It is true that he adds to the words "6,000 tons" that they are low-grade; but I wish you distinctly to understand that by low-grade he does not at all imply not payable. Neither he nor ourselves have ever considered or taken into account, in calculating reserves or prospects, any quartz that we knew was not of a payable nature, and by low-grade ore he simply means ore that is not of that high grade which we have sometimes experienced. Now, this 6,000 tons is an increase of nearly 800 tons over March of last year, and the total product of the mine for the first three months of the year shows already an increase of nearly 700 tons. Therefore, I think we may regard Mr. Richards's statement as not only of a most favourable character, but as being in a very fair way of being rapidly fulfilled. Shareholders have already been made aware that, by agreement dated September 8, 1904, entered into with the Oriental Gold Mining Company of India, Limited, this company acquired, as from May 2 last, the lease of the Oriental Company's property, with the buildings, machinery, and plant on the mine, and also a lease granted by the Mysore West and Mysore-Wynad Companies, giving the right to effect a communication underground, through a strip of land belonging to those companies, between the Oriental and Nundydroog Mines, together with the benefit of any extension or renewal of such leases. The consideration for the purchase was fixed at £3,000 in cash and 12,000 fully-paid shares of 10s. each in the Nundydroog Company. This agreement was ratified by the shareholders at the extraordinary general meeting held on February 1, 1905, and, in order to carry this into effect, you authorised the increase of the capital of this company by 82,000 shares, of which 70,000 were offered in the first instance to you, at the price of 1s. 6d. a share premium. I am glad to be able to tell you, and I am sure you will be pleased to hear, that the issue has been an immense success. It has been very largely applied for. As a matter of fact, for the 70,000 shares, 97,500 have already been applied for. Mr. Henry C. Taylor, one of the managers, proceeded to India in November last, and has devoted himself to a thorough examination of the Nundydroog and other mines at Colar, and the general administration of affairs on the field. It is of great advantage to us and to kindred mines that, from time to time, our managers personally visit the mines. Your directors desire to again put on record their high appreciation of the services of Mr. Thomas Richards (the superintendent) and his staff, who have continued to perform their respective duties to the entire satisfaction of the board. I am not a prophet; I cannot see further into the ground than anybody else, and I must therefore ask you to draw your own conclusions from the facts which have been submitted to you. I also have drawn mine, and I can only tell you that they point, in an uncertain way, to a continued career of prosperity for the Nundydroog Company, and I venture humbly to hope that the prosperity may be even greater in the future than it has been in the past. Under these circumstances, you will believe me when I tell you that it gives me again the greatest possible pleasure to move the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. John Taylor seconded the motion, and Mr. Edgar Taylor then described the development work accomplished since the last annual general meeting. The motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. H. Vere Smith said that at the meeting of the proprietors of the Mysore Gold Mining Company, held a week ago, a sum of money was voted to the board of directors of that company, and to the staff in London and at the mine in recognition of their services for the past year. He wished to propose the following resolution: "That this meeting votes a sum of £2,500 to the directors, managers, and staff in London, and to the superintendent and staff in India, to be divided in such a way as the board and managers think fit."

Captain Hickford said he had great pleasure in seconding the resolution, which was carried unanimously. The Chairman returned thanks, and the proceedings terminated.

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